THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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EMMET'S MEMORY

Honored Throughout America by a Series of Monster Meetings in the Principal Cities of the Republic.

Celebrations in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Syracuse, Nashville, St. Louis, and Other Places.

Speeches by John F. Finerty, Maurice F. Wilhere, O'Neill Ryan, and Others.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

[*Condensed from Philadelphia papers, March 4.*]

The Irish Nationalists of Philadelphia entertained John F. Finerty at a banquet in Concordia hall, on the evening of March 2. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and was entirely informal. Brief speeches were made, recitations given, songs sung and stories told. It was long after midnight when the party adjourned.

A magnificent meeting was held at the Academy of Music on the evening of March 3, the occasion being the 113th anniversity of the birth of Robert Emmet. Notwithstanding the very inclement weather, the great hall was crowded, and the audience entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. The Hon. P. F. Dever, one of Philadelphia's leading lawyers, presided. Among those on the platform were the Rev. James A. Weston, Episcopal minister, New York; J. J. Bradley, E. O'Gorman, Richard Buckley, J. E. Farrell, William Farrell, Capt. John Flanagan, Patrick O'Neill, James Leahy, Atlantic City, N. J; H. P. Mallett, Mr. Canfield, Shenondoah, Pa.; Capt. James A. Burke, Wilmington, Del.; J. J. McNulty, Baltimore; William Walsh, Philadelphia; Mr. McFarland and many others.

The music was excellent, and the singing especially so. Misses Shesin and Plantholz rendered "The Harp That Once," as a duett, in superb style.

Mr. H. P. Mallett, of Shenandoah, took the title role in the trial of Robert Emmet, and rendered that illustrious martyr's speech from the dock with a combined vigor and pathos rarely excelled.

The singing of Mr. McNulty, of Baltimore, a powerful tenor, aroused great enthusiasm.

Numbers were also rendered by Misses Lewis, Timney, Mr. William Walsh and other well known vocalists.

Mr. Canfield, of Shenandoah, a masterly elocutionist, and a fine specimen of physical manhood, won golden opinions by his spirited recitation of "Erin's Flag."

The chairman then introduced John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who delivered the oration. He dealt with the life, career and purposes of Robert Emmet, and also with the living issues. He, in particular, scored Julian Hawthorne because of the latter's comment on the French Invasion of Ireland, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, by a Russian author, and accused both Hawthorne and the Russian of broad and comprehensive ignorance of the subject. His tribute to the matchless heroism of the peasant pikemen of 98, well supported by the testimony of English generals, evoked great enthusiasm.

Want of space compels THE CITIZEN to confine itself to the foregoing brief outline of Mr. Finerty's speech.

AT PITTSBURGH.

[*Condensed from the Pittsburgh papers, Mch. 5.*]

Pittsburgh Turner Hall, Forbes street, was, on last night, the scene of an enthusiastic display of Irish sentiments. The crowd that flocked to hear John F. Finerty, of Chicago, pay an eloquent tribute to the immortal memory of one of Ireland's martyred heroes, testified to the sincerity and strength of the National spirit in Pittsburgh.

Precisely at eight o'clock Mr. C. Horgan proposed that the chair should be taken by Charles F. McKenna, Esq. The motion was seconded by Mr. M. F. Fanning and carried amid great enthusiasm. Mr. McKenna said that it gave him the greatest satisfaction to introduce to the audience a man of national reputation and tried patriotism. He would not stand in the way, but would call upon Mr. Finerty to deliver his address. When Mr. Finerty came forward he received a genuine ovation. When the applause had subsided he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It pleases me beyond measure to see so many of you gathered here tonight to pay tribute to the illustrious young man, who sacrificed position, wealth and love in the glorious cause of Ireland. [Cheers.] The sentiments of patriotism are as familiar to the Irish race today as they were when Robert Emmet dared and died for Ireland. When this martyr of Irish freedom drew his sword and swore to emancipate his long suffering country, he had little to encourage him. It was not in the flush of the grand excitement of the Volunteers, it was not in the red dawn of 1798. The Irish nation lay crushed and prostrate at the feet of England; the battle ground had drank the blood of thousands; the planks of the gallows were stained with the hearts blood of hundreds of innocent victims. Saddened by the pitiable condition of his beloved country; sickened by the horrifying cruelties of England, depending solely on the small patrimony left him by his patriotic father, he resolved to free Ireland or to perish. [Applause.] He visited France and sought to induce Napoleon to give him aid with arms and men. Unsuccessful in this he returned to Ireland with nothing to support him but the genius of a born general. He organized his untrained but trusty followers with all the skill of a soldier and a strategist. He planned an attack on Dublin Castle and hoped to drag the English flag from where it had floated in the breeze for centuries. That plan failed, but whether through treachery or English cunning we can not at this distant date decide. Then having passed through the ordeal ordained by what is called English law, we again see the young patriot passing through the lowest alleys in the city of Dublin on his way to execution. He then sees for a moment her whom he loved so well, the fair daughter of Curran, the ardent advocate of Irish liberty, and the eloquent defender of the men of '98. We will not dwell upon the intense sadness of the lovers' silent farewell. The scaffold is reached, the rugged stairs mounted, the black cap adjusted. Then the fatal bolt is drawn and the gallant form dangles in the air. Then, before that loving heart had ceased to beat, the body was cut down, and with one blow the head was severed from the trunk. Then did the perfidious executioner crown this cold and fearful act of barbarism. Holding up the head to the gaze of the horrified and weeping people, he declared, 'This is the head of a traitor.' A traitor! No. No traitor, Irishmen and Irishwomen, but a noble gentleman, a true patriot, a trained scholar, a chaste and polished orator. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, that this striking proof of England's ferocity was given scarce 88 years ago. Since the fall of Limerick in 1691 the most illustrious Irish patriots were of the Protestant faith. A majority of Irish people recognize this fact. If there are people who declare that the Catholics of Ireland would, if they were free, revenge themselves for past insults and ignominies, let them look at France and Belgium, Italy and all Catholic countries of the world. The Catholics of these countries display no disposition to maltreat those who differ from them in religion.

When he last visited Pittsburg 23 years ago, it was to help to prepare for the Fenian rising. The Fenian brotherhood attempted to carry into practice the principles of Robert Emmet. Like Emmet they failed, but, they like him, taught a lesson to the Irish people. They were taught that no matter at what shrine they knelt, they were still the sons of one mother and had a common enemy in England. [Cheers.] It was in the teachings of Robert Emmet that the Young Irelanders learned to struggle for freedom. Those risings were not without their measure of success. It was owing to the Fenian movement, which struck terror to the hearts of the English people, that the great act of amelioration of 1870, the disestablishment of the so called Irish church, was passed. The invasion of the Canadas, the struggle on English soil itself brought about the disestablishment of the church. England was deaf to the appeals of Ireland till the walls of Clerkenwell prison fell to the earth; till on the 23d of November, 1867 a gallant little body of resolute Irishmen put to flight a crowd of English policemen (who ran away with the speed of a Kentucky race horse) and rescued their chosen leaders. Had it not been for the infamous, loathsome Corrydon (Groans) Chester Castle would have been taken, and with it 60,000 rifles, together with the ammunition necessary to make them serviceable. But though the attempt failed, England found herself fighting a hostile people on her own soil. She saw that if she had not been assisted by treason she would have been confronted with a revolution which would have made her quake from Land's End to the river Tweed. [Applause.] Philosophical politicians assert that it is absurd to say that England has ever been moved to assist Ireland through fear. They say, for example, that Daniel O'Connell won Catholic emancipation through moral force. This was not the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who, when prime minister of England, said in the house of lords, 'You must yield Catholic emancipation or deal with a civil war in Ireland.'

Mr. Finerty then proceeded to show that it was only by again organizing to put into practical force the policy and principles of Tone, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Mitchel, Stephens and O'Mahony, that the cause of Irish independence could be advanced. If England imagined for a moment that Irishmen at home or in foreign lands had abandoned all idea of using force, when the opportunity offered, all hope of any change for the better in the political and social condition of Ireland might as well be abandoned. But the Irishmen who had Irish liberty really at heart believe today, as they did in other times, that England would yield nothing to justice or humanity, but everything to expediency, and, as Gladstone himself put it, in his great speech on the Home Rule bill in 1886—to "a spirit of craven and abject terror."

Great applause followed the conclusion of the speech.

The play of Robert Emmet, in three acts, followed, and was participated in by Messrs. E. J. Carney, J. P. Carney, Thos. J. McGonnell, John O'Getty, Charles Calwell, T. H. Carney, Alex. Langhery, Frank Howard, J. H. Moore, Henry Moran, Wm. Thompson, Lawrence Conlin, and Misses Edith Atkinson and Gerty Lawrence. It was very well rendered.

AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

[*Syracuse, N. Y., Herald, March 7.*]

From the highest point of the raised platform on the Alhambra stage, which was only a few feet from the flies, to the rear of the gallery, one mass of people was gathered last evening. It was without doubt the largest throng that was ever in this building at any one time. It was almost exclusively an Irish audience, and no one who did not revere the "dear old Green Isle" had any business there. The occasion was the celebration of the birthday anniversary of Robert Emmet, and the hosts were the O'Donnell Aboo club. The Aboos were known by neat buttonhole bouquets, and consisted of Edward Ryan, Frank Dolan, John Regan, Maurice P. Walshe, James E. Dolan, David J. Lawless, P. J. Ryan, James K. McGuire, Dr. D. L. McNamara M. W. Kelly, M. J. Walsh, Harvey B. Cassidy, William F. Dunn, John W. Rogers, Philip G. Brown and Thomas F. Anderson. The front of the stage was banked with potted plants, and silk flags representing Ireland and America, formed the background to the stage.

The feature of the evening was the address of ex Representative John F. Finerty, of the Chicago CITIZEN, but preliminary to this a concert was given in which a select orchestra blew out a series of Irish airs that seemed to greatly stir the big audience. It was just what they wanted. Frank McCarthy, of Oswego, sang the war song, "O'Donnell Aboo" with such vigor that the audience didn't want him to stop. Miss Frankie Slattery sang "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Hall" with sweet voice, and after she was enthusiastically encored and received an elegant basket of flowers, she responded with another Irish song. "The Minstrel Boy" was Miss Mamie T. Reidy's selection and she took the house by storm. She, too, was presented with a basket of choice flowers, and responded with "The Last Rose of Summer." Then the audience settled down to listen to Mr. Finerty's oration. He is a powerfully built man and proportionately tall and is the picture of health. As an orator he is in the front rank, and at times his arguments are made with vehemence. The history of the Irish race seems to him a familiar subject. Owing to the poor acoustics of the hall, and in order that his voice might reach over the immense assemblage, Mr. Finerty was obliged last evening to assume a high key note and to sustain this voice during his oration. The monotony in tone was a little harrassing, but his fluency and spirit overweighed this. Mr. Finerty was introduced by President Edward Ryan, who said:

We have assembled here tonight to celebrate the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet. And as I look upon this vast concourse of people I recall his dying words: "The man dies but his memory lives." Yes, his memory still lives, and is treasured by our race. It will be handed down as a precious legacy to each succeeding generation. If the spirits of the illustrious dead are concerned in the affairs of this transitory life, then tonight the spirit of Emmet soars high in realms of eternal bliss—for though his country is still in bondage, and, according to his dying request, his tomb still uninscribed, on this occasion the wide world over, the scattered clans of our race are gathered together to hear again the story of his desperate effort for dear old motherland, and to renew their pledge to continue the struggle until the sunshine of liberty brightens his lonely grave, and a monument is erected to his memory and inscribed by free and loving hands.

Mr. Finerty's subject was "Irish Nationality," and he handled it in such a manner as to arouse his listeners to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The speaker opened his discourse with a brief but eloquent review of the life of Robert Emmet. By this time Mr. Finerty became thoroughly fired with his subject. He continued:

England never allowed a single privilege to Ireland unless she was forced to do so. Forty five years ago there stood on Irish soil nine millions of people, but tonight there only remains one half that number. The other half has been scattered over the entire world. The landlords seized on everything but the potato crops and exported them to pay the rents. The principles enunciated by Emmet still remain. Everybody of good sense and humane instincts believes that Ireland should have the right to govern herself; that God did not put the stamp of slave on the forehead of the Irishman, and that no foreigner has a right to bind the Irish. The only real hope of Ireland was to throw off the yoke of England and break the connection. John Mitchel, John O'Mahony and James Stephens also held these principles. The Fenian Brotherhood also represented the sentiments of Emmet when they said that Ireland ought to be free in the face of the law and in the face of God. We are told that Gladstone abolished the established church. We have it upon the authority of Gladstone himself that the church was abolished because of the raids of the Fenians and other attacks. We are told that a certain Irish leader is not fit to represent his people. We are told that he shocks the morality of England, and cannot be followed by the moral class.

Mr. Finerty then referred to the English aristocracy as a mass of corruption. And these are the people, he said, who are finding fault with Parnell. There is one thing certain, that the rank and file of the Irish people are with Parnell. Here the speaker referred to the vast amount of work that Parnell has done for the Irish people. Mr. Finerty said that he believed that "we should never surrender the hope that the time will come when we can strike a blow for freedom as other nations have done." The part played by the Irish in the late civil war was discussed by Mr. Finerty, who took up one hero after the other, but particular reference was made to Sheridan. "A race that has borne such heroes," he said, "must at last find favor with God. The Irish cause, notwithstanding its troubles, stands higher tonight than at any time in a century. England can not go to war until the Irish question is settled. If England fired a shot at France or Russia, she would have Ireland to deal with as well as the more powerful nations. The possibilities of such a war are great, and our duty is to prepare for it. No matter what altar we kneel at, whether we are Catholics or Protestants, or what country we came from, and although we are as free here as the air we breathe, let us never forget that so long as our country is at the mercy of England, we cannot enjoy national freedom and respect. Why shouldn't Ireland be free? Has she not the capacity of genius? Has she not given great men to others countries? There is only one curse on Ireland. I state frankly that it is my honest conviction that the Irish will be plundered until the last link of English connection is broken. No nation can successfully rule another. We must sustain the visible movement." In conclusion the speaker referred to the assemblage as one of the "most magnificent audiences" he had ever seen.

THE BANQUET.

After the entertainment the Aboo club and its honorary members repaired to Hibernian hall to indulge in a private jollification. "Joe" Tasker had spread a bountiful repast, which was heartily enjoyed to the music of an orchestra. Among those who attended were John F Finerty of Chicago, Ald Philip G. Brown, Patrick Sullivan, Michael J. Lawless, Frank McCarthy of Oswego, Joseph A. Stubli, Thomas McCaffray, Thomas Anderson, Charles McGuire, James Mullin, P. D. Cooney, Frank Moore, Supervisor M. J. McCarthy, ex Supervisor Rogers, John O'Donnell, Overseer of the Poor Gere, Philip Callahan, Frank J. Reynolds, Thos. H. Curry, William J. Fitzpatrick, Jeremiah Hayes, William Hopkins, Cornelius J. Sullivan, Samuel Dempsey, Patrick Burke, John Kehoe, Peter Eckel, John Gleason, Edward Dollard, Frank Dolan, George W. Driscoll, J. K. McGuire, Thos. F. DeLong, Michael J. Walsh, James E. Devine, Patrick R. Quinlan, Wm. Sherlock, James Hayes, Patrick Hayes, Luke Carroll, P. J. Ryan, John A. O'Reilly, Thomas O'Brien, P. L. Ryan, William P. Gannon, Ald. P. J. Mack, Eugene McDonald, John H. McDowell, John C. McDonald, Ald. J. J. Murray, J. Henry Cassidy, Philip Lyons, Michael Enright, George Doyle, Patrick Halloran, Michael A. Mullin, J. C. Knauber, Michael E. Driscoll, Patrick Slattery, Nicholas Joy, Michael O'Brien, William F. Dunn, Maurice P. Walshe and James E. Dolan.

President Edward Ryan made an excellent toastmaster. P. J. Ryan responded to the toast "Our Country"; Jas. E. Devine, "Irish Americans"; Michael E Driscoll, "The Day We Celebrate"; James K. McGuire, "Noted Irishmen Contemporaneous with Emmet"; John A. O'Reilly, "Our Guest," and John F. Finerty to "O'Donnell Aboo." All of these toasts aroused a great deal of enthusiasm, and especially was this true of Mr. Finerty. Frank McCarthy, of Oswego, and James E. Dolan supplied the comic singing, and Ald. J. J. Murray gave a temperance lecture. After supper the guests organized themselves into a genuine Irish dance party, and reels and jigs were given. The gentlemen in "The Irishman's Love" company, together with their piper, were invited to the banquet. The piper piped for nearly an hour and the piping got almost everybody jigging the best way he knew how.

IN NASHVILLE.

[*Nashville Banner, March 5.*]

The concert commemorative of the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet by the Emmet Club of Nashville, Tenn., given at Watkins Institute last night, was a delightful entertainment. The stage was decorated with potted plants and a large, life size portrait of Robert Emmet. Other decorations were American and Irish flags. The seats on the stage were occupied by members of committees on reception and arrangements and prominent citizens. The Italian band, before the opening of the concert, played "Ireland's March" and the "Bridal Rose Overture."

The concert was under the direction of Mrs. J. M. Coyle, who is entitled to much credit for the excellence of the programme.

The exercises began with a medley of airs from the Irish Minstrel by the French-Gennett Amateur Orchestra, composed of the following young gentlemen under the leadership of Prof. Heffernan, who played second violin; first cornet, Jesse French; second cornet, Clarence Gennett; first violin, Horace French; second violin, Leon Miller; flute, John French; violincello, Henry Gennett; piano accompaniment, Mrs. H. Gennett. The playing of the young gentlemen was excellent and showed careful training.

Miss Annie Smith, with Mrs. Coyle as accompanist, sang in a charming manner that always popular song, "The Kerry Dance." She responded to an encore with "Rory O'More."

One of the prettiest numbers on the programme was a violin solo, "The Last Rose of Summer," by Miss Mamie Wessell.

"Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," was sung in a most acceptable manner by Mr. James Brow, accompanied by his sister, Miss Maggie Brow.

Miss Cecile Rosenheim, a beautiful miss hardly in her teens, played Schubert's impromptu, a difficult piano selection, with the skill of a older and more experienced pianist. She won hearty applause.

"An Incident of '98" was rendered in a most pleasing way by Miss Celia Grady. This was highly enjoyed by the audience.

The French Gennett amateur orchestra gave the next number on the programme —"Sounds From Erin." The number was well executed.

Miss Kate Schollenberger sang in a rich, sweet voice, "Keep a Loving Heart for Me." Mrs. Coyle played the piano accompaniment. As an encore Miss Schollenberger sang "Shut Your Eyes Tightly and Open Your Mouth."

Miss Henrietta Wessell, one of the most accomplished pianists in the city, favored the audience with a selection of Irish airs, which was received with much applause.

The well known quartette composed of Messrs Pratt, Lyle, Preston and Andrews gave "The Scout."

Miss Mamie Melton sang "Katie," and gave "Pat Malloy" as an encore. She was accompanied by Mr. Davies. Miss Melton has a fine voice, and her singing won much applause.

The Nashville Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, composed of W. T. Allen, leader, Demmock, Nichol, Mason, Rubner, Wells, Wenning, Strong, Hartsell and Bowron, filled the next number on the programme by the rendition of "Darkies Patrol" and "On the Race Course." These were well executed.

A vocal solo, "Colleen Dess Cruidhte Na Mbo," by Mrs. Coyle, followed. Mrs Coyle received much applause.

The last thing on the musical programme was a solo by Mr. Theodore Thomas, of Chicago, who sang "Paradise."

At the conclusion of the concert Dr. J. M. Coyle introduced Judge Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, the orator of the evening. Judge Wilhere said, at the opening of his address "on the 20th day of September, 1803, a gibbet was erected in Thomas street, Dublin, and about noon on that day a young man was led upon the scaffold, and an executioner did his work. It is to the memory of this young man, Robert Emmet, we are here tonight to pay respect," said the speaker. Judge Wilhere briefly reviewed the history of Emmet's life and his efforts for the liberty of Ireland, and traced in an interesting manner the struggles of Ireland to throw off the yoke off English opposition. He spoke of the affairs of Ireland and said what that country wants is a government as free as America.

Judge Wilhere said that while Emmet was on his way to the scaffold he said: "The man dies, but his memory lives." The speaker said: "Look upon this assembly here tonight, gathered to do homage to the memory of that life of unselfish devotion. Can you say Irish hearts are less true or that the great struggle is no less a reality than it was 600 years before Emmet's birth?" He spoke of the determination of the Irish American citizens, and predicted that they were determined and would never cease until the mother land takes her place with other nations of the world.

In reviewing the work of the English parliament the speaker said: "Acts for the amelioration of their burdens have been passed, in the disestablishment of the Irish church, land acts, the enlargement of the franchise and other such quackery. It has been accompanied at all times with liberal doses of coercion. Ireland's condition grows worse with each year, and thousands of her young and vigorous children are still fleeing from her shores, and misery continues to dwell there in gaunt and horrible forms. That it is not a minority but a majority of her people who are dissatisfied is proven by the fact that eighty-six of the 103 members of the Irish delegation in parliament are pledged to Home Rule.

"If constitutional measures fail it will not be the fault of the Irish people. Everything has been done to bring about by peaceful measures an end to the great struggle. The Irish people have sent to the English parliament representatives who are the peers of any in the world, and yet under the sunlight of a modern civilization arguments are met with force and peaceful peopositions treated with contempt.

Speaking of the Irish parliament of 1782 the speaker said it fell because the foundation was not solid, but it lived long enough, however, to demonstrate that Ireland ruled by Irishmen is the only government which can bring peace, prosperity and greatness.

The speaker made a plea for reorganization and said that a nation must make sacrifices as the price of liberty. He closed with the declaration that Irish-Americans must unite in the struggle for liberty.

AT ST. LOUIS.

The exposition building of St. Louis was crowded to its utmost capacity on the night of March 4, with a brilliant and most enthusiastic audience, who witnessed the 113th anniversary of the Irish patriot martyr, Robert Emmet.

The elite of Irish American society were represented in great numbers. Seated in the boxes were Dr. and Mrs. Thos. O'Reilly, Miss Lizzie O'Reilly, Master Archer O'Reilly, Misses Clara and Jennie Ulreci, Mr. Alfred Kelly, of London, Rev. Father O'Leary, Rev. Father Keegan, Street Commissioner M. J. Murphy and his five sons, Joseph (of the Chicago *Tribune*, who delivered Emmet's speech), Fred, Bradford, George and Gill Murphy, Dr. John J. Ryan, Councilman Andrew Hoolan, Joseph McDonald, Major Wm. O'Keefe, Wm. Burke, John McCloskey, Patrick Regan, Thomas F. Fitzpatrick and his big gold medal, Roger Harty and his blushing bride, Councilman John E. Sloan, wife and daughter, Judge Patrick Sheehan, John Dolan, John Gaggin, John B. Loftus, John J. O'Toole, P. R Fitzgibbon and wife, the Misses Maggie, Johanna and Nellie Dillon, Delegate Thos. Quinn, Delegate Patrick Clarke, Delegate Patrick Brennan, Delegate Thos. Ward, M. J. Cullen, Judge Patrick Monahan, Judge Shepard Barclay, Col. and Mrs. Wells Blodgett, B. M. and George J. Tansey, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kern, J. E. McDermott, Dr. and Mrs. H. N. Spencer, Joseph P. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Camp, Miss Keen, of Indiana, Dennis D. O'Callaghan, Mrs. Maydock, Patrick Mullarky, Mr. Gwen Campbell, Fire Chief Lindsey, Richard Ennis, Col. John Finn, James Brophy, Thomas F. McDermott, Judge Patrick Kane, D. J. Maguire, Patrick Reel, Edward Butler, Jr., James Butler, city attorney, Larry Keating, Philip Dwyer and wife, Judge Patrick O'Connell, Miss Ada O'Connell, Miss Bertie O'Connell, P. T. Madden, Charles Kickham Madden, Daniel Linahan, Thomas Hackett, John Dwyer, John M. Tiernan, Hon. Joseph N. Judge and wife, Capt. James Hardy, wife and daughter, Patrick J. Melody, and several thousand others. Jeremiah Sheahan was the chairman, and introduced Mr. O'Neil Ryan, who delivered the oration of the evening, which was an impassioned, fervid and eloquent address, delivered with earnestness and impressiveness. He paid a high tribute to Anne Devlin, and his apostrophe to the women of Ireland was especially fervid and won the most tumultuous applause. The following is a synopsis of Mr. Ryan's speech:

Referring to the splendid audience he said they were brought together by the feeling that united the kindred of three continents, for wherever were found Irish Nationalists there would be heard their cheers and prayers for Irish independence.

It was the night of the revolutionist, not the agitator. They revered the memories and echoed the sentiments that sanctified the memories of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. This might not suit the conservative element, but Irishmen should never forget the glorious and martial traditions of their race, and the heroes who died for liberty.

Ireland gave to her children a magnificent record. She had been the lamp of learning in the sixth century. In law the Brehon code was a marvel of wisdom. She had produced a Burke among statesmen, a Tyndall among scientists, a Barry among artists. The world had been soothed by the cadenced melodies of Moore, and a nation aroused to life by the trumpet tones of Davis. Her music had softened her sorrows and inspired her sons. No orators had excelled Grattan and O'Connell. The spirits of the O'Neill, the O'Donnell and of Sarsfield urged Ireland's sons to deeds of heroism.

The conservative might say freedom was a mere sentiment; were it not for that sentiment we would not be here tonight the citizens of a free country. It is this sentiment that has illuminated the pages of history by heroic deeds: that has made democracy a possibility to all oppressed peoples; that has flashed forth the light of intelligence and liberty that will yet pierce the dungeons of Siberia; that penetrating the recesses of the Alps has made them the eternal sentinels of the liberties of a free people. It is the sentiment that has made our constitution the text book, yea the political bible of struggling humanity; it is the sentiment that crimsoned the flag of freedom with the hearts' blood of our countrymen; that has made the equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in our own fair land something more than a mocking phrase; that dried the tear and soothed the agony of the slave; and trusting in God and Irish manhood, I say it is the sentiment that will yet destroy forever the union of England to Ireland, that was born in infamy and has been maintained by coercion. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. Ryan then rapidly sketched the condition of Ireland in 1778, when Emmet was born—the quarter of the eighteenth century destined in the history of nations for great revolutions—when the fall of the Bastile shook an empire and the shot was fired that echoed round the world; described his character—how it was molded by the society of United Irishmen—the organization that was started to effect parliamentary reform and became a revolutionary movement under English misgovernment; his exile to France and return to Ireland, the rising of 1803 and Emmet's capture, the mockery of his trial and subsequent execution were recounted in graphic language.

The speaker here paid tribute to the courage and devotion of Ann Devlin, Emmet's maid servant, who was hanged until nearly dead in the vain effort to make her reveal Emmet's hiding place. Ireland had given to the world the genius and valor of her sons, but her most precious gift had been the virtues of her daughters. He referred to the Irish sweetheart and mother. "Ah, the Irish mother—the very words are a melody attuned to the profoundest and sweetest feelings of our nature, and yet how often, oh God of infinite tenderness and pity, has the wail of the Irish mother pierced to thy heart, as she saw husband and children lying dead at her side; her babe dying at the breast shriveled by starvation and suffering; the cottage, the humble abode that had seen her the happy wife and devoted mother, razed to the ground in the name of the law; the sky her covering, the roadside her bed and grave.

Too often have the women of Ireland been like the "daughters of an ancient captive race who wept by the waters of Babylon for the desolate homes and vanished towers of Zion." Oh, Ireland; when in the plentitude of thy power, the glory of thy nationhood, thou erectest a Pantheon within which to enshrine the names of thy great ones—see to it that the virtues and sufferings of thy daughters have perpetual record within its walls.

The lesson of Emmet's life must be learned by the young men into whose hands should be given the rod to smite the rock of tyranny and make flow the waters of liberty. It was a grand lesson. Let the young men of Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, stand together and be true to one another and assert their inalienable right to freedom. No leader could direct or control their liberties unless supported by the people. They should not ask as mendicants but as men demanding their lawful rights.

The hope of Emmet to see his country freewhich had been planted in their hearts by God, nourished by the blood of martyrs and sanctified by the sufferings of centuries should inspire them. If justice was denied them, they had the same right to revolution as the men of 1776. It was the alternative of war that won legislative independence in 1782. Another rebellion in Ireland would rouse the volcanic forces now at work among the masses of England.

The Americans had always been generous to any struggling people and especially so to the Irish—but let them cease appealing for aid and assert their rights at home. Aye. The Irishman has been the bravest of the brave, and whether with Clare at Fontenoy, Montgomery at Quebec or Meagher at Richmond, he has fought victoriously for every flag and in every land but his own. And must this alway be so? Must the genius and valor of the Irishman never triumph for his native land? Must she always be in chains, always a supplicant of the world's bounty, always crouching at the feet of an alien power humbly beseeching its merciful concessions?

Forbid it oh thou God of the oppressed who guided the unfortunate children of another great race out of their night of bondage into the day of freedom. Forbid it oh thou God of battles who made the sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon to light the darkness of the valley of Ajalon that Thy chosen people might be avenged upon their enemies. Forbid it oh thou God of justice who nerved the arm of Tell and inspired the sword of Kosciusko. Forbid it oh thou Lord of hosts who endowed with sublime courage the men in Valley Forge and preserved to coming ages the flag of a free and united people. Forbid oh God this bitter wrong, and if justice be not done bless the swords of the Irish patriots who will redeem their native land from the thraldom of centuries and write in letters of imperishable glory the epitaph of Emmet. [Applause.]

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CITIZEN CARNOT.

The ball passed off with great magnificence.

The enormous banquet hall of the Hotel de l'Europe was arranged for dancing purposes; it was lit with innumerable colored lights, and the banners of many nations drooped from its walls. It did not take long to improvise the festivities—Frenchmen are particularly quick at such work; and, perhaps, from being got up with such excessive speed, more heart than usual was thrown into it to complete its success.

All the superior officers of both arms of the service were there in full uniform, as also their wives and daughters, looking only as French ladies can, in their wealth of exquisite fashion, good looks, and renowned names. For miles around the local gentry poured into the place, until the carriages blocked the streets of the town.

But regal as was the scene got up in Eugene's honor, brilliant the uniforms, and bright the glitter of golden epaulet and polished scabbard, bewitching the smiles and welcomes bestowed upon him by lady friends and acquaintances, the gorgeousness and gaiety of the scene soon passed from his mind, and he—as soon as he, with due courtesy to his friends, could—tore himself from the joyousness of the occasion to direct himself to other interests.

For this purpose he sought out the admiral, whom he found smoking in the conservatory overlooking the bay, and apart from the ballroom.

"I thought you would come to see me, when you grew weary of dancing," said the admiral gaily, as he embraced his friend.

"Why did you think so, admiral?" asked Eugene.

"Because I fancied you looked a little distraught in the ballroom. I warrant you I can tell you what was in your mind."

"What?"

"Ireland."

"You are perfectly right," said Eugene laughing.

"And now, admiral, as you can guess so well, perhaps you can also tell what brought me—independently of the wish to see an old and kind friend—to search you out?"

"I can. It is to help on Tone with his wild and Quixotic mission."

"Wild and Quixotic! These words from you, admiral!" said Eugene in tones of dismay and disappointment—"from you who sailed with the former expedition."

"Times have altered since then, Eugene. Then we had a powerful fleet. Bonaparte has taken all that with him to Egypt. We have no ships here to spare.

"We should not want many vessels. Quick sailing transports to disembark men and muskets and artillery. That is all we need."

"You forget England is a great naval power. When France prepares to strike her she must not do so with a solitary brigade and a few guns, but with a powerful division of her army and battery upon battery of artillery. And ships innumerable will be necessary to carry these.

"But we cannot hope to get these. France cannot spare them. It would be worse than idle to delay for or expect them."

"Wait until Bonaparte returns from his absurd expedition to Egypt. It is to him we must look. The Directory is effete, moribund—it will do nothing."

"Until Bonaparte returns!" exclaimed Eugene in dismay. "That may not be for months, and think how urgent times are! Ireland is in the throes of battle. Now is the time to send her aid. Even 10,000 men, with 50,000 stand of arms, sent now from France, will kindle the flame of insurrection from one end of Ireland to the other."

"It cannot be done, Eugene. I tell you the Directory will not do it."

"They must," said Eugene vehemently. "The honor of France is concerned. France has through her officers urged the Irish to this effort. It would be an act of national dishonor to abandon them. It is even in the interests of France, military and commercial, to aid them. They are a gallant and martial race of six million people—and would be, if aided to freedom, a powerful ally to France. I tell you now emphatically that Bonaparte has wasted the blood and treasure of France; has shamed folly by his foolishness—and he will live to say so yet—by striking at England in Egypt instead of in Ireland. England is powerful, as Rome was, in her extremities—her great fleets make her so—but strike her at home at the heart, and she collapses. There is no strength, no vitality there. It is the case of a strong man whose arms can give death dealing blows, can mock at swords and lances and battle axes, but a tiny needle driven through his heart paralyses his strength and renders his arms feeble and useless."

"Well, Eugene, granting all that you say—and you put it vigorously and well—what can we generals and admirals do? We are but the machines that carry out the orders of the Directory."

'You can advise them—urge it on them. Admiral, plead the cause of the hapless land struggling for freedom with the dagger of the tyrant at her heart. If you carry out the orders of the Directors, you can also inspire them to give these orders."

"Well, I cannot say that you have not influenced me, Eugene; but as I know the difficulty in making the Directory take up a fresh idea, come with me to Paris in the morning. I am going there. I shall give you an introduction to some of the leading members of that body, and if you with your local knowledge can influence them you may reckon on me for ready support. And now tell me something of your adventures in England."

The conversation was continued, and only broke up when the bustle and stir in the courtyard beneath announced that the ball was terminating, and that the brilliant carriages rolling away, whose flashing lights brightened the streets, were conveying to their homes the fair dames that graced it with their presence.

Tone and MacNevin slept on board the yacht, and were wakened early in the morning by Eugene.

"Tone, my dear fellow," said the latter cheerfully, "I am off to Paris with the admiral. I shall see the minister of the navy. François has started already to see Kilmaine. All may come right in a few days. You and MacNevin had better follow as soon as possible. We may want your information in the shape of statistics, and so on. Good bye. Call for me at the ministry of marine. I shall be glad to see Paris again after such a long absence. Good-bye."

He was gone.

"Things are beginning to look brighter," said Tone cheerfully, as they sat at breakfast. "I came to Brest yesterday from Havre with scarcely heart enough, from continued disappointments, to walk the streets. Now I seem to see in the near future the accomplishment of our hopes."

"If energy, good faith, and enthusiastic bravery can gain success, our cause is in good hands," said MacNevin. "Meantime, as there seems nothing to be done here, I scarcely see what good purpose can be subserved by remaining. I am anxious to see Paris."

"Very well. We shall start today if you wish."

"I have no objection."

"What time do you say?"

"Any time that suits you will suit me."

The evening saw them on top of the diligence on their way to Paris.

Things did not move more swiftly, however. The Directory, as Bruix had said, were slow to move. The power of Bonaparte was overshadowing them, and they hesitated in his absence to make any new motion. Eugene plied the minister of marine with unceasing supplications. François urged General Kilmaine, the war minister; and Tone was in constant negotiations with both. Inquiry and inquiry was made of him as to the positions, resources, and prospects of success of the Irish insurgents, to which he gave most elaborate returns; but nothing came of it all.

Meantime, however, the war was raging in Ireland, and no aid was reaching the insurgents.

While these negotiations were going on, the heart was being crushed out of Irishmen—cannon and muskets were only opposed by pikes, and the result could scarcely be doubted.

Tone was in utter dismay. But to all his energies the inertness of those in authority opposed a victorious resistance.

"Well, Tone, the French nation, or rather its rulers, are strangely altered since I left France, short as the time has been," said Eugene one evening, as Tone and MacNevin visited him at his quarters in the ministry of marine. "I cannot put any life into them."

"Nor I," said Tone despondingly; "they require report after report, return after return, but when these are furnished nothing comes of them."

"There is no energy in the Directory. There is less evidence of interest in Irish affairs this day than was manifested yet. I would Bonaparte were back. If his vigorous mind caught the idea, what a stir on all sides there would be."

"In the present condition of things, and in this do-nothing state of existence," said MacNevin, "I am not quite sure that imprisonment in Scotland were not quite as enjoyable."

"Well, things are handily quite as bad as that," said Eugene gaily. "Existence in Paris must have grown very unenjoyable when imprisonment in that land of mists is preferable to it. But we cannot mend matters by talking here—can we? I am going to Montmartre."

"If talking could have mended them they would have been set right long ago," was Tone's response.

"That being so, I vote we have a cigarette and a stroll through the streets. Anything to break the cruel monotony of disappointment. We shall be together some distance."

Agreeing to his proposal, the three friends emerged on the streets.

The footways were crowded with citizens enjoying the balmy air of an August evening, and Tone wondered, as he looked at the gaiety of all around, and the laughing conversation that rippled along, to think that this was the metropolis of a land that might be said at the moment to be at war with all Europe.

The windows overhead were thrown open, and clusters of fair faces were chatting thereat and gazing indolently on the moving crowd below. The cafés were bright with the glare of lamps and crowded with customers. Occasionally, to give piquancy to the scene, a troop of lancers, with the bannerets of the tricolor at the points of their lances, cantered gaily by, or a squadron of hussars, their jackets of braided gold setting off their smart forms finely, flashed the light of the lamps from their lifted sword blades.

"Certainly this does not seem like war," he thought. "I wonder if the streets of Dublin are gay like these, or its people as light hearted?"

In the midst of these reflections he found that he had lost his friends. However, as he knew the direction in which they intended going, he was not much concerned, feeling certain of meeting them later on. So he strolled carelessly on, taking note of the many strange things that presented themselves to his view, until he found himself in one of the narrow and crooked streets that led from the boulevards to the Seine.

"There is a short cut, if I remember aright, in this direction to Montmartre. Eugene and MacNevin will have gone there. I shall try and overtake them. This route will probably bring me in advance of them."

Tone merely knew the general direction, and, as often happens in great cities, when he got into the network of narrow, unlit, and tortuous streets, he soon lost even that. The bustle and life and light of the great thoroughfares were unknown here. An oil lamp, swung from the corners of the streets, alone showed a glimmer of light in the long, dark alleys, for the dense darkness of a summer's night had fallen on all around. The denizens these streets seemed to have all long since retired, for there was not a traveler visible. Occasionally, indeed, from narrow courtways and in some street corners there were lights visible, and brawling voices were heard—betokening where some wine shops, still open, were the scenes of noisy roystering. But Tone instinctively avoided these; the Revolution and the subsequent wars had produced in the more disreputable haunts of the city a class of characters undesirable to meet. Two years previously Hoche himself narrowly escaped being assassinated in one of the streets at night. Wherefore he kept a safe distance between himself and the dangerous beacons hung out from these places.

Walking swiftly, he turned from one street to another, from one courtway to another, without seeming to make progress.

At last the conviction forced itself on him that he had lost his way and was rambling around in a circle. It was long past midnight, and he began to grow considerably uneasy. The hour at which the wine shops closed was near at hand, and their occupants would soon be turned into the streets—very undesirable parties to make acquaintance with in the worst quarter of the city, and on a lightless night.

He felt himself tired with this purposeless walking, and when he got into one of the wider streets stopped irresolutely to consider what to do.

His attention was suddenly arrested by a strange series of cries in the distance, at the further end of the street.

Not at all at his ease, and believing it to be some midnight brawl, from which the further he withdrew the better, he turned on his heel in the opposite direction.

The cries increased so quickly and were of such curious import that he could not forbear turning again to look.

To his surprise two lamps seemed to be hurrying in the distance swiftly towards him. At the same moment the beats of horses hoofs came on his ears, sparks of fire seemed to fly from the pavement underneath the lamps—and then, almost instantaneously, he knew what it was!

There was but little time for thought. The two thoroughbred horses, in some manner broken loose from their driver, came pacing along the street with the fiery speed that maddened and affrighted animals alone can.

It was an open carriage, and a lady's form in white was perfectly visible in the dim light, sitting therein in mute terror. A crowd of people, as is usual in such cases, were hurrying as fast as they could in pursuit, their calls and exclamations but making the runaways go at still more terrific pace.

It would be over in a second.

The street at its nearer end sloped rapidly and turned a sharp curve. Once there the frail carriage would be smashed instantaneously into matchwood, and the occupant hurried into eternity.

The sparks flew under the horses' feet as they approached, in continuous coruscations.

The panting of the flying steeds came distinctly on his ears. They were near enough for him so see the foam that covered their mouths. But no word or cry came from the lips of the occupant in her imminent and deadly peril. She had evidently swooned.

Tone was no coward. He would not have been engaged on the mission he was, if he had been. Danger always called up with him the excitement of fiery daring; so stepping into the road along the centre of which the carriage was flying with the velocity of an arrow, he waited a breathless second until it came up—and, as the smoking breath of the nearest steed was on his face, sprang forward and grasped the reins!

It was the veriest risk for life or death ever man took; but his clutch proved successful. He caught the reins near the bit just as the fore legs were in the air, and the sudden check, with his additional weight, brought the nearest horse propelled furiously forward on his head.

Tone felt himself jerked violently forward; but in the space of a heart's beat he was the centre of a confused mass of struggling horses and an overturned carriage—and then a sudden blow coming on his temple, he grew unconscious!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Thomas Kelly, a Drogheda carpenter, died from blood poisoning on Feb. 14.

GAELIC POETRY.

Dan Diadha.

The following very interesting poem was composed by the celebrated Dr. Keating, the author of the "Three Shafts of Deaths," and the most learned priest that ever Ireland produced. The poem was published in the last issue of the *Gaelic Journal*, had never been printed before, and strange to say was printed without any division between the verses, or quatrains. This omission tended to make the poem much more difficult to understand. The Gaelic of the poem is that in use at present:

Caoin thu féin, a dhuine bhoicht,
De chaoineadh cách coitcheann do shúil';
Ná caoin ingean, ná caoin mac
Dar cuireadh fá bhrat i n-úir.

Caoin ar d-tús do pheacaidh féin
Ria* n-dul i g-criaidh dod chorp;
Caoin, ó's éigean a h-ioc,
An phás fuair Criosd air do shon.

Caoin ar fhulaing air do scáth
Criosd do cheannuigh cách i g-cramn;
Caoin a dhá láimh a's a dhá chois,
'S a chridhe do sgoilt an dail.

Rachaidh cách uile fá seach;
Ná caoin neach dá n-deachaidh uait;
Seach ar leagadh riamh i g-criaidh
Is dotighe dhuit thú féin, a thruaigh!

Ar chruthuigh lámh dheas an t-Saoir,
Idir mhac, mnaoi a's fir,
Ní bh-fuil againn, truagh ná treun,
Nach rachaidh uainn d'eug mar sin.

Dá bh-faicfeá a n-deachaidh uait,
Mar atáid na sluaigh so fúinn,
Tar gach neach dar n-deachaidh a g-criaidh,
Do chaoinfeá thu féin ar d-tús.

Air shliabh Shióin, lá na sluagh
Budh duibhe 'ná gual do ghné,
Budh nár leat, gidh áluinn do chruth,
Muna g-caoineadh tú abhus thú féin.

Teachtaire Dé, ó's é an Bás,
Dá raibh ortsa 'n a chás cruaidh,
Do dheunfadh tú d'aimhleas féin,
A's aimhleas an té do chuaidh.

Truagh sin, a bhoctáin gan cheill,
Dá d-tuigfeá thú féin mar 'taoi,
Do leigfeá do chaoineadh cách,
A's do bheidheá go bráth ad chaoi.†

* "Ria." before. † "Ag caol" is in text of *Gaelic Journal*; but this is evidently an error, for it makes nonsense of the quatrain. The meaning intended to be conveyed is evidently that the sinner should cease weeping for others, but should weep for his own sins.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CONNELL—At The Hotel, Market street, Trim, Feb. 24, 1891, of pneumonia, Michael Connell, aged 47 years.

DEMPSEY—At her residence, 5 West road, North Strand, Dublin, Feb. 25, 1891, Anne, wife of Wm. Dempsey.

DUNN—At 9 St. Patrick's road, Drumcondra, Catherine, wife of Elijah Dunn, and daughter of the late John Rogers, Piercetown, Co. Meath.

JORDAN—At his residence, 36 Temple buildings, Upper Dominick street, Dublin, Frederick Augustin Jordan, youngest son of John and Maryann Jordan, after a short illness.

KINSELLA—At 3 Bloomfield Park, S. C. R., Dublin, Feb. 25, 1891, Sarah, eldest daughter of John and Julia Kinsella.

LITTLE—At Courtduff, Co. Kildare, Feb. 24, 1891, of paralysis, James Little, aged 86 years.

M'GAHAN—At Seatown, Dundalk, Feb. 24, 1891, Louisa Mary, eldest daughter of Dennis M'Gahan, aged 24 years.

MINCH—At Rosetown House, Co. Kildare, Feb. 24, 1891, wife of Thomas Minch.

SCOLLAN—At her residence, Kelly's terrace, Cavan, Feb. 25, 1891, Bridget, wife of Cornelius Scollan, in her 52d year.

BUTLER—At St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, February 8, 1891, James M., third son of the late John Butler, Dundrum, Co. Tipperary.

BYRNE—At Cornell's Court, Foxrock, Feb. 22, 1891, Anne, wife of Patrick Byrne.

DUFFY—At his father's residence, Hazelwood Cottages, near Sligo, Feb. 21, 1891, Owen Duffy.

HARTIGAN—At his residence, 9 Ward's hill, Dublin, Feb. 22, 1891, John Hartigan, native of Limerick, at an advanced age.

HOLMES—At Dunsany, Co. Meath, Feb. 18, 1891, John Holmes, aged 75 years.

LYNCH—At Kingstown, Feb. 23, 1891, Julia, daughter of the late Martin Lynch, solicitor, and granddaughter of the late Martin Lynch, Lavally, Co. Galway.

O'BRIEN—At her residence, Oldtown, Naven, Feb. 23, 1891, Margaret O'Brien, aged 17 years.

WALSH—At 48 North Brunswick street, Dublin, Feb. 23, 1891, Catherine Walsh.

BLAKE—At 25 Stoneybatter, Dublin, Thomas Blake, late of Trim, aged 58 years.

CONNELL—At his residence, 4 Madeley terrace, St. Lawrence road, Clontarf, James Henry Connell, late secretary Cork, Bandon, Enniskillen, Bundoran and Sligo railways, aged 82 years.

DUNNE—At the residence of his sister, 19 William street, Tullamore, Feb. 23, 1891, Mr. William Dunne, in the 68th year of his age.

ENGLISH—Feb. 23, 1891, Samuel Walkington English, of Milford, Co. Carlow, aged 73 years.

KEATING—At her residence, Duke street, Athy, Feb. 20, 1891, Kate, wife of Michael Keating.

LANGLEY—At Knockinglass, Fethard, Co. Tipperary, Feb. 21, 1891, Matthew Langley, Esq., J. P.

LYNCH—At Virginia, Co. Cavan, Feb. 24, 1891, John Lynch, solicitor, aged 33 years.

REDMOND—At 99 Templeshannon, Enniscorthy, Feb. 21, 1891, James Redmond, son of the late Myles and Margaret Redmond.

LEONARD—At the residence of his mother, Market street, Trim, Feb. 18, 1891, Nicholas, youngest son of the late Nicholas Leonard, aged 16 years.

DOHERTY—Feb. 22, 1891, in Dublin, Mrs. Sheil Doherty, sister of the late Simon Shiel, Esq., M. D., Ballyshannon.

HAND—At Hartstown, Westmeath, Feb. 20, 1891, Rose, fourth daughter of Bernard and Annie Hand, in her 20th year.

KEEGAN—At the residence of her niece, Mrs. E. M'Cann, Donacomper Cottage, Celbridge, Feb. 20, 1891, Mrs. Anne Keegan, at the advanced age of 92 years.

REILEY—At Churchtown, Ballynacargy, Westmeath, Feb. 21, 1891, Mrs. Reiley, aged 74 years.

BARRY—At Ovoca, Co. Wicklow, Feb. 16, 1891, Rev. Nicholas Barry, C. C., in the 70th year of his age.

MOORHEAD—At his residence, 13 Charleston road, Rathmines, Feb. 17, 1891, Michael H., eldest son of the late Michael Josiah Moorhead, Esq., M. D. J. P., Tullamore, in his 41st year.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]
With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 31.*]
If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]
"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness or either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]
"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]
The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]
"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]
"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]
Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]
Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]
"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]
"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]
"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]
Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.
[*The Home Magazine.*]
"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

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[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]
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INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]
"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]
"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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MADE ENORMOUS FEES.

Big Money for Getting Claims Through Congress.

ONE LOBBYIST REWARDED $900,000.

What an Amendment to the Indian Appropriation Bill Brought Gen. Halbert E. Paine—A Newspaper Correspondent Who Scooped in $20,000—Secretary Proctor En Route to Chattanooga and Chickamauga — Coming Marriage of Grace Fuller.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10.—There were some very large fees made out of the legislation of the last congress by gentlemen in this city who have long been trying to work their claims through. Gen. Halbert E. Paine, formerly member of congress from Wisconsin, for many years commissioner of patents and more recently a practicing lawyer in this city, is reported to have received a fee of 10 per cent. for securing the passage of an amendment to the Indian appropriation bill appropriating $3,000,000 to pay the Creek, Cherokee and Chickasaw Indians for lands surrendered by them to the United States. A similar bill was passed two years ago appropriating $3,000,000 to pay the Choctaw Indians a similar amount for similar reasons.

Was a Very Old Claim.

A Mr. McKee, a lobbyist here, received a fee of $900,000 for his services in getting that bill through. He agreed, however, to reimburse from that amount all the lawyers that had been employed from time to time by the Choctaw Indians to secure this appropriation, and there was a large number of them, for the claim had been before congress for twenty-five years. But Mr. McKee as soon as he got his money put it in a carpet-bag and started for Canada without making a settlement. Mr. E. W. Ayres, a newspaper correspondent from Missouri, is said to have had a fee of $20,000 for the work that he has done with Gen. Paine in the Chickasaw case, and there are several other attorneys who got large slices.

The French Spoliation Claims.

Another large fee was received by Mr. B. W. Earle, formerly of South Carolina, for his services in an appropriation to pay the French spoliation claims. The amount of money received by Mr. Earle is uncertain, as the appropriation of $1,-800,000 is split up among over 200 different interests which have been assigned from time to time to various parties, but his share of the plunder is estimated to be all the way from $100,000 to $250,000. Mr. Earle, however, has expended a large amount of money in securing evidence to sustain these claims and in purchasing them from their owners.

A DISTINGUISHED PARTY.

They Will Visit Notable Battlefields in the South.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10.—The Chattanooga excursion party left Washington on a special train of vestibule sleepers over the Richmond and Danville line. This trip is for the purpose of showing Secretary Proctor and a number of congressmen over the battlefields of Chattanooga and Chickamauga where a park is to be established by the government, for which appropriations have been made. Secretary Proctor will continue southward from Chattanooga on a tour of inspection of the military posts in the southwest. It is expected that all of the posts along the southern border of the country will be visited.

Personnel of the Party.

The party includes Secretary Proctor, Attorney General Miller, Quartermaster General Batchelder, Assistant Adjt. Gen. Williams, Maj. Hill and Lieut. Woodberry of the war department, Senator and Mrs. Manderson, Senator and Mrs. Frye, Senator and Mrs. Sanders, Senators Carey and Hawley, Representative and Mrs. McKinley, Representative and Mrs. Coggswell, Representative and Mrs. Hooker, Representative and Mrs. Evans, Representative and Mrs. Post and Representatives Cannon, Cutcheon, Clements, Henderson, Osborne, Perkins and Banter.

Coming Society Event.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10.—The marriage of Miss Grace Fuller and Mr. Archibald Brown, of Chicago, will take place at St. John's church Easter Monday. The present bride of the Fuller family and her husband have just about settled in their far-away home in Tacoma, Wash. Miss Grace Fuller, now the bride-elect of the family, will be the central figure in just as pretty a scene as that in which her sister plighted her troth. Coming at this season when there is so little else comparatively to distract the attention of her friends, her wedding day and its accompanying festivities will be really the feature of the eastern gayeties.

Prospects of a Regatta.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 10.—At a joint meeting of the Potomac, Columbia and Analostan Boat clubs an invitation was unanimously extended to the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to hold its regatta on the Potomac river at Washington in August next. The National association held its regatta here ten years ago. Washington amateur oarsmen are enthusiastic over the prospect of the invitation being accepted and hope in case of its acceptance to make the annual regatta of 1891 surpass all previous regattas of the National Amateur association.

Protest of the Spanish Press.

PARIS, March 10.—The Temps says that the Spanish government is about to dispatch a force to Cuba owing to the growing agitation in that island, the situation having become worse since Campos became viceroy. The Madrid press protests against Americans encouraging Cuban separatists in connection with the American treaty.

The Pope's Encyclical.

ROME, March 10.—The pope has entrusted to the bishop of Newport and Menevia, the translation into the English language of the papal encyclical on labor and kindred subjects. The translation will be finished by Easter, and then forwarded to all English-speaking prelates.

Seven Feet Above the Danger Line.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 10.—The river continued to rise slowly all Monday-terday. Sunday night the gauge read 47.9 feet, forty feet being the danger line. The river men predict that without any more rain the river will go two feet higher.

THE ORATOR CAME NOT.

How Senator-Elect Kyle Became a Politician.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, March 10.—The true story of how the Rev. J. H. Kyle, United States senator-elect from South Dakata, met the tide of fortune which, taken at its flood, led him on to political preferment, has never been told and makes interesting reading. In the early part of 1890 the Rev. Kyle, though a Congregationalist, was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Aberdeen, Brown county, S. D. In that year the Farmers' Alliance of Brown county held a grand Fourth of July celebration at Aberdeen. They advertised that a prominent orator would make an address and made great preparations for the meeting. But when the day came and a great crowd had gathered, the prominent orator failed to appear.

He Tickled the Farmers.

The farmers were determined, however, that the eagle should soar, and in their extremity called upon Rev. Kyle to make a speech. The reverend gentleman modestly consented, and let loose such a flood of patriotic eloquence that his auditors were delighted. He touched also upon political matters, showing himself to be thoroughly in line with the Alliance in all their pet reforms. From that time on the Farmers' Alliance of Brown county looked upon the Rev. Kyle as the political Moses sent to lead them out of the wilderness. They elected him to the legislature from Brown county, and honored him with their confidence in every way. The long contest, the result of which was Mr Kyle's election as United States senator, is already matter of history.

LOST WITH ALL ON BOARD.

A Channel Boat Between Dover and Calais Goes to the Bottom.

LONDON, March 10.—It is reported that a channel boat has been sunk in the passage between Dover and Calais with all on board. The accident is supposed to be due to the terrible weather now existing. Reports from various counties represent the snows drifting heavily. Trains are more or less delayed, and in some instances are completely stalled. All field work has been abandoned and the loss to farm stock will undoubtedly be immense. The storm has not been equalled in violence since 1870. A train which left Charing Cross station at midnight became blocked when near Folkestone. The passengers were rescued at 8 o'clock, having spent the night without either food or light. Many of them were seriously ill from exposure and some of them were found to have been frostbitten. Trains running between London and Dover are subjected to several hours delay.

Many Lives Lost.

Information has been received here that five fishing smacks have been wrecked off Hastings and that three persons were drowned in consequence. A coastguard boat while attempting to effect the rescue of distressed seamen off Sand gate capsized and seven of those on board were drowned. At police headquarters several persons are reported as missing, and it is feared they have perished in the snow drifts.

Surrounded by Water.

NEW ORLEANS, March 10.—The Times Democrat Columbus, Miss., special says This city is now entirely surrounded by water. The lowlands on the east side are covered with water for some distance, and there has been considerable loss of cattle, many people having abandoned their homes and come here for shelter. The Tombigbee river is higher than in many years and still rising at the rate of two inches an hour. Railroad communication has been completely cut off by washouts. At Aberdeen, the Tombigbee river is eight miles wide and rising half an inch an hour. All farmers who reside on the lowlands have been driven from their homes and taken refuge in the hills.

The President Goes Hunting.

BENGIES, Md., March 10.—President Harrison is duck-hunting on the Chesapeake bay near Bengies station. Within fifteen minutes after his arrival from Washington Monday afternoon he was striding toward the "main point" blind ready for sport. The president was accompanied to the blind by ex-Senator Sewell, of New Jersey. The thick fog which enveloped the river prevented a long stay on the water, and by 5:30 the president returned to the club house with a keen appetite, but no game. The president said he had come here in the hope of securing a much-needed rest, and the duck-shooting would be a secondary consideration.

Outrage by Polish Strikers.

JAMAICA, L. I., March 10.—Monday morning twenty-five Polish Jews, all striking cloakmakers, came from New York and attacked the store of a fellow-countryman named Greenbaum, who does contract work for a New York manufacturer. They broke open the doors, destroyed the furniture of the place and $500 worth of goods, on which they poured vitrol, besides severely beating Greenbaum and his wife. Greenbaum's 4-year-old child was badly burned with the vitrol. The cries of Greenbaum brought a crowd, when the strikers fled. Only one, Frank Rango, was arrested. He was identified as the one throwing the vitrol.

Message from Governor Hill.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 10.—Governor Hill sent a message to the legislature, in which he urges the passage of an amendment to the election laws. The bill authorizes the bringing of quo warranto proceedings by any candidate for the ousting of the successful candidate if it can be proved against the latter that either he or his political agents, or committees, have resorted to fraud or corruption to secure his election, and the giving of an office to a defeated candidate provided it appear that neither he nor his committees have used corrupt means to promote his election.

Will Test the Railway Bill.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 10.—The Chicago owners of the Indianapolis street railway lines have determined to test the constitutionality of the suburban street railway bill, and will endeavor to keep off its lines any company that attempts to use them. The bill expressly provides that no injunction proceeding shall lie, and if one is brought it is inoperative until the supreme court has passed upon the bill.

Here's Richness, in Hendricks County.

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., March 10.—Since the announcement of the discovery of a copper mine in Hendricks county some time ago there has been much search for deposits on the farm of John Milman. A mineral deposit has been found which analysis shows to be rich in gold ore.

THE WRECK CAUGHT FIRE.

Disastrous Accident on the Santa Fe Road Near Havana, Ills.

HAVANA, Ills., March 9.—The "Red Express," which left Chicago Saturday evening over the Santa Fe line for St. Louis, was wrecked about 3 o'clock Sunday morning half a mile above the city limits. The wreck was caused by a broken rail. The cars were all piled in a heap except the last, and taking fire were all consumed. Fireman Saddler was instantly killed. The corpse of a Mrs. Woods, which was being taken from Chicago to Jacksonville, was partially consumed. The passengers seriously injured were all in the smoker.

List of the Injured.

George Birkenhead, engineer, left leg crushed below the knee, right arm cut and lower part crushed, cut and bruised; Bateman, express messenger, had left foot torn off at the ankle and badly bruised; M. J. Kennedy, conductor, head, face and hands cut and bruised; C. L. Hughes, brakeman, head, face, legs and body cut and bruised and hands scratched, not seriously hurt; Charles Malhoney, passenger, Streeter, Ills., right arm broken, back injured, body and face badly burned and bruised; Walter Conover, passenger, Manito, Ills., left arm torn off at the shoulder and severe internal injuries, probably fatal; F. H. Lewis, passenger, of Peoria, injury to the left leg face cut and bruised, no bones broken; E. H. Emmett, Peoria, head and face bruised and burned, chest hurt and fingers badly bruised, no bones broken; Mrs. Thomas Martin, passenger, Denver, Colo., head bruised and cut, right shoulder and side scalded.

Two More Victims.

Two of the passengers injured, Charles Malhoney, of Streator, Ills., and Walter Conover, of Manitou, Ills., died Sunday night.

A New McCarthyite Paper.

DUBLIN, March 7.—The initial number of The National Press, the new daily paper of the McCarthyite section of the Irish National party, was issued Saturday. In its salutatory The National Press declares that it will urge that the policy maintained for years past shall be persisted in, inasmuch as that policy has resulted in the upbuilding of a united Irish party. Parnell's appeal is not intended to secure relief for evicted tenants, but rather to bring grist to the Parnellite mill.

A statement published by The Freeman's Journal gives the first list of subscribers to the Parnell leadership fund. It shows five hundred and fifty pounds to have been subscribed to the fund on the first day of submission of the list.

Negro Ravisher Hanged.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 6.—Shakespeare Reeves was hanged at New Castle at 10:46 o'clock Friday morning. The crime for which Reeves was executed was for felonious assault committed upon little Grace Clark, a white girl of 11 years, near New Castle on Sunday, Sept. 28. Reeves, who was employed by the father of the girl, decoyed his victim into the barn and maltreated her so that for several days her condition was critical. When Reeves was captured the father of the girl attempted to shoot him, but was restrained and the negro taken into custody. He was tried at the November term, found guilty and sentenced to death.

Threw Vitrol On Her Sister.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 7.—Matilda Cunningham, twenty-seven years of age, was disfigured for life by her sister, Lena Cunningham, thirty-four years of age, at an early hour Saturday morning. The sisters had quarrelled because Matilda would not secure a position for Lena at Briggs' seed house, where Matilda worked. Saturday Lena threw vitrol on her sister's face while the latter lay sleeping. Her forehead, cheeks and nose were terribly burned. Lena was arrested. She will say nothing about the affair, but remains sullen.

Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 9.—The Bernritter Manufacturing company made a general assignment Monday morning. James Stewart is named as assignee. Assets are placed at $110,000. In this amount are included equities in real estate, money due on building contracts aggregating nearly $100,000, and stock on hand worth at least $10,000. The liabilities are figured at $60,000.

Hamilton's Will Admitted to Probate.

NEW YORK, March 9.—The surrogate has admitted the will of Robert Ray Hamilton to probate, deciding the proofs of Hamilton's death sufficient. The will of Daniel B. Fayerweather was also admitted to probate, the contestants withdrawing their objection on a promise by the residuary legate to distribute the $4,000,000 among colleges as intended by the testator.

The Canadian Election.

TORONTO, March 7.—The party papers have changed their figures somewhat on the result of the Dominion election, but they are still far from agreeing with each other. The Empire (government) which Friday placed the government's majority at 42 now claims that it is 45. The Globe (Liberal) concedes a majority of 25. The Mail (Independent) places the majority at 29.

Ex-Senator Chilcott Dead.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 7.—Ex-Senator George M. Callcott, of Colorado, died at the hotel Morten, corner of Olive and Twenty-seventh streets. Senator Chilcott was brought here from Pueblo, Colo., about two months ago. The remains will be taken to Colorado for interment.

Pierced by a Pitchfork.

PORTLAND, Oregon, March 7.—Mrs. Chas. Pruett, wife of a farmer living near Medford, while searching for eggs in a haymow slipped and fell to the barn floor. A pitchfork was standing against the mow, tines upward, and she fell upon them inflicting a wound probably fatal.

Two Little Children Cremated.

NEW LIMERICK, Me., March 7.—A small house owned and occupied by George White took fire during the temporary absence of Mrs. White Thursday, and their two children, aged 1 and 3 were burned to death.

Woman and Five Children Drowned.

CLINTON, Ari., March .—Mail Contractor Green reports that a Mexican woman and five children were drowned at Solomonville in endeavoring to cross the Gila river on a raft.

No Pardon for Eno.

WASHINGTON CITY, March .—The president has refused to pardon John C. Eno, of New York, who was convicted of bank wrecking.

BY WATER AND FIRE.

Many Thousand Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed.

DAMAGING FLOODS IN THE SOUTH.

Between 1,500 and 2,000 People Already Driven from Their Homes and the Waters Are Still Rising—Reports from Nashville and Other Points—Fire Causes Considerable Damage at Omaha —A Fatal Blaze at Hinsdale, Ills.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 9.—The phenomenal rise in the river continues, and at 1 o'clock Monday the guage read 46.6 feet, a rise since Friday morning of 25.6 feet. Much damage has been done by reason of the rapidity of the rise. Probably between 1,500 and 2,000 people have been driven from their homes and goods in warehouses and cellars have suffered much damage. As viewed from the bridge the river is a vast angry torrent spreading out over the lowlands. Nearly all the lumber yards are overflowed and in some a considerable loss will result. The river has brought out a vast amount of drift wood, and it is passing the city in great quantities.

Inquiries for Shelter.

During the day it was gaining slowly and steadily. Merchants were busy all day removing goods from cellars and ware houses near the wharf to higher ground. It is estimated that there between 300 and 500 families in the city that have been driven from their homes by the high water. At the police headquarters many inquiries for shelter are being made. The reports from all points on the river show that it is rising everywhere, and the fullness of the Ohio and Mississippi will prevent the Cumberland from running down as rapidly as it otherwise would.

High Water at Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 9.—The Tennessee river at this point has reached the danger line—thirty-three feet—and is rising three inches an hour. Experienced river men predict that it will reach at least forty-five feet, which will overflow much of the city in low-lying places, cut off several railroads and for a time suspend the operations of several manufacturing concerns. There is no indications of a cessation of the heavy rain.

Severe Storm in Texas.

ST. LOUIS, March 9.—Severe storms are reported from various points in Texas. At San Antonio a heavy sleet storm from the northeast did considerable damage to fruit trees. After a heavy rain at Jefferson, Tex., the weather turned very cold and snow fell for about an hour. It is feared fruit trees have been very badly damaged.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Several Costly Blazes in Different Parts of the Country.

SHELBYVILLE, Tenn., March 9.—Fire destroyed the stores of C. W. Russell, stoves and hardware; Laughlin & Tillman, groceries; Woods & Hatton, clothing; C. W. Cunningham, boots; J. D. Gillis, drygoods. The total loss on buildings and contents is $50,000; nearly covered by insurance. The office of The Bedford County Times was also destroyed.

A Cigarette Causes a Costly Fire.

OMAHA, Neb., March 9.—Fire Monday morning destroyed the printing house of Gibson, Miller & Richardson. Loss, $200,-000; insurance, $140,000. The fire was caused by a boy smoking a cigarette in the press room. Broatch's wagon stock house adjoining was damaged to the extent of $30,000; covered by insurance.

Fatal Blaze at Hinsdale, Ills.

HINSDALE, Ills., March 9.—Dietzler & Lee's dry goods and grocery store was burned early Monday morning. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $20,000. Andrew Dunphy, a well-known resident who occupied a room over the store, was burned to death.

RETRENCHMENT ON THE "Q."

A Reduction of $150,000 Per Month on the Pay Roll.

CHICAGO, March 9.—It is expected by the Burlington management that the reductions of employes now being made will reduce the pay roll of the eight lines forming the Burlington syndicate by about $150,000 a month. An inside authority estimates that the road's February statement will be fully as bad as the January one. In its policy of retrenchment the Burlington is striking even the higher grades of employes. J. Simpson, Canadian passenger agent, with headquarters at Toronto, and S. B. Sanford, who had charge of Michigan business at Detroit, have been removed and their work added to other members of the Burlington outside staff.

Still Reducing Expenses.

OMAHA, Neb., March 9.—The Burlington is still reducing its force and before the ax quits falling between 400 and 500 shopmen, clerks, agents and trainmen will be out of a job. The officials allege that freight revenues fell 40 per cent. during February. Several stations have been closed.

Stopped Paying His Debts.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 9.—The practical working of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas has come home to a Hartford investor with .. forcible illustration. He recently sent a coupon for collection and received from President Lawrence of the West Side National bank of Wichita, Kan., this letter:

WICHITA, March 3.—Dear Sir: Mr. Bentley refuses to pay the coupon you sent us for collection, $80. He says he has "joined the Alliance" and has "stopped paying his debts." Shall we return the coupon?

Cause of the Jeansville Horror.

JEANSVILLE, Pa., March 9.—The coroner's jury which has been investigating the mine disaster by which thirteen men were drowned Feb. 4, has agreed that the cause was an error of ninety feet in a survey and map of the mine. According to the map the miners should have been that far from the old water-filled workings, when, as the disaster shows, they were so close that a blast destroyed the thin wall of coal between them and the water.

Lemeke in Very Poor Health.

WASHINGTON CITY, March. 9.—It is reported here by the friends of Mr. Lemcke of Evansville, Ind., who has been offered the position of treasurer of the United States, now held by Mr. Huston, that his health is too feeble to permit him to accept the appointment and that his physicians have forbidden him to do so.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Kansas house has passed the senate bill prohibiting aliens from holding lands in the state, and providing that all lands held by aliens at the end of seven years shall revert to the state. The bill now goes to the governor.

Notary Ducrocq, of Gonesse, France, has absconded; debts $1,250,000.

Forty-seven students of the college at Valparaiso, Ind., have been dismissed for visiting saloons.

Clay Hayes, of Illipolis, Ills., 2 years old and weighing only four pounds, died on Tuesday. He had not gained in weight from his birth.

It is pretty certain that a telephone between Paris and London will be in operations before the end of the week.

A poll of the North Dakota legislature on presidential preferences gave Blaine 57 and Cleveland 16.

Miss Levia Whited, aged 25 years, of Chapin, Ill., committed suicide Monday night by taking a spoonful of strychnine.

Osma Digma is a fugitive, followed only by a few women and horsemen, and is fleeing to Berber in want of food.

A bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania legislature providing for the creation of a miners' relief fund.

By the will of Oliver Hoyt, of Stamford, Conn., who died recently, $10,000 has been bequeathed to Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

At the meeting of the Albany, N. Y., board of health, a report was made showing that 336 cases of typhoid fever were reported for January and February, with thirty-nine deaths.

It is reported that the New York Biscuit company is preparing for a fight against the American Biscuit company, and that it will establish in St. Louis a $300,000 factory.

New heirs to the estate of Robert Edwards in New York city have been discovered in Texas and another attempt will be made to get control of property in New York valued at $267,000,000.

Oarsman O'Connor challenges Teemer for from $500 to $1,000.

A negress named Dayton confessed Tuesday at Denver, Colo., the murder and robbery of James Wade at Kansas City, Mo., two years ago.

An assignment was made at Louisville, Ky., Tuesday by Cornwall & Bros., dealers in soap and candles. The liabilities are $177,000, and the assets exceed that sum.

Mrs. John Thompson, wife of a wine merchant at Glasgow, has just died at the age of 75. She was a granddaughter of Robert Burns.

A hailstorm Tuesday morning in the Poplar Bluff, Mo., region did serious damage to property and stock. Hail covered the ground to a depth of several inches.

Three of the eight prisoners in the county jail at Stillwater, Minn., made a desperate attempt to escape at 12 o'clock Monday night by sawing out the bars of their cells. They were not successful.

The National Base Ball league, at its convention at New York Wednesday, adopted a new form of contract, which virtually does away with the reserve clause and gives the players more rights.

At Huntington, Ind., Henry Greer and an accomplice were arrested for stealing brass bearings from cars of the Chicago and Erie railway.

Gen. Sherman's two sons have applied for letters of administration of their father's estate. The general left no will and his personal estate does not exceed $2,500.

At Kansas City, Mo., Wednesday, Kittie Lentz, 3 years old, was shot and killed by John Phillips, aged 15. Phillips was arrested, but the coroner decided that the shooting was accidental.

The Colby mine at Bessemer, Mich., has reduced its force, having discharged about 200 men.

A communication from Governor Bulkley to the Connecticut senate was by that body ordered thrown into the clerk's waste basket.

The body of Ted Hendricks, an oil well pumper, was found in a derrick near Lima, Ohio, recently. It is now believed that he was murdered by a rejected suitor for his wife's hand.

The president on Wednesday signed the copyright bill with a pen made from the quill of an American eagle.

The Australian ballot bill was signed by the governor of Nebraska Wednesday, and it is now a law, having passed with an emergency clause.

In a New York suburb a negro named Perkins sandbagged, gagged and bound a hackman named Farrell and then robbed his house of $40. Perkins was arrested.

A resolution passed the New York senate Wednesday submitting to a vote of the people an amendment to the constitution providing that election contests shall be settled in the courts.

Boston was visited by a blinding snowstorm, impeding business and travel in the city. Sixteen inches of snow fell during the day.

The prisoners in the Fort Dodge, Iowa, jail made an unsuccessful attempt to break away.

A new industry for women is putting lisle thread feet in the legs of silk stockings, and a New York girl, a consignor at the Woman's Exchange, makes $15 a week at it.

The Massachusetts legislative committee on federal relations have taken action on the resolutions in favor of the federal elections bill. The committee was unanimous against the resolutions.

Two murderers are to be executed by electricity at Sing Sing during the week commencing March 10.

Governor Winans, of Michigan, is prostrated with an attack of hiccoughs from which he has so far been unable to attain relief.

Mrs. Josephine M. Smith of Columbus, O., passed the requisite examination to entitle her to practice law in the courts of Ohio. She was not granted a certificate, as this being the first case of the kind in the state the supreme court wished to consider the matter.

The first of a series of meetings to be held throughout the country by union prisoners of the war, to raise money for a memorial hall at Washington, was held in New York.

The governor of Kansas, in a special message to the legislature, urged the importance of making an appropriation for the proper representation of that state at the World's fair. He recommends $150,000.

Sixteen horses were burned in a feed stable at Des Moines, Iowa.

Near Ellis, Kansas, the body of a sheep herder, frozen to death in the recent blizzard, was found. The body had been nearly devoured by coyotes.

The legislative committee appointed to investigate the accident at Mammoth mines, near Scottdale, Pa., by which 107 miners were killed, charges the mine inspector with negligence.

The model for the statue of the late "Sunset" Cox, which the mail carriers of the country will erect in New York in recognition of his labors in their behalf, has just been placed on exhibition there. It represents him as in the act of making a speech.

Funeral services were held over the remains of Senator Hearst at Washington.

Louis Peterman, a widower, with four daughters, shot himself at Rockford, Ills., because a young woman refused to marry him.

The Coppinger bill to repeal the Merritt conspiracy law was ordered to second reading in the Illinois senate.

More than 300 letters containing sums ranging from $10 to $25 are held in the Omaha postoffice which are addressed to the fraudulent Pierce Piano company, recently unearthed.

Mark Twain, beside his controlling interest in a successful publishing house, has $175,000 invested in a type-setting machine.

Mrs. A. D. Lycon has sued Edward Trimney, a saloon-keeper at Marshall, Ills., for $3,000 for depriving her of the maintenance due her from her husband through the sale of liquor to him by Trimney.

At Fremont, Neb., G. H. Cook was arrested on suspicion of being the sharper who buncoed the Rev. J. A. Bradick, of Omaha, out of $5,000.

The strike of the Monongahela river miners, in Pennsylvania, by which 10,000 men have been out of employment since Jan. 1, is now in a fair way of settlement.

Miss Betsey Greenwood, aged 85, dropped dead at Lima, Ohio.

The Grady monument committee of Atlanta has unanimously resolved to invite Governor David B. Hill of New York to make the address on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument of Henry W. Grady in Atlanta.

Ex-Senator Miller of New York has suggested to the legislature of his state that the money returned by the government under the direct tax bill be used in building a park on the Adirondack mountains.

Reliable information from the lake shore and inland peach belts of Michigan is to the effect that the peach buds are not killed, and that an immense crop is assured.

John Baumgart, living near Boone, Iowa, was kicked by a vicious horse and death resulted instantly.

A sketch of the plans for Mexico's exhibit at the world's fair shows that it is to be of a most magnificent character.

Judgments aggregating $35,675 have been entered and an execution issued against Joseph Morgan & Co., dealers in feathers, at Philadelphia.

The first colored bar association in America has been organized at Gainesville, Miss.

A forlorn looking pocketbook lay in the gutter at Lancaster, Pa., for hours because nobody suspected that it contained $65.

J. M. Forbes, of Boston, paid $11,000 for a 2-year-old brown colt at the New York horse sale. The animal was sired by Stamboul.

Dried toadstools pushed into a bleeding nostil will stop the hemorrhage. They are also said to make excellent pipe-lighters.

Conrad Lanzendorfer, butcher, and one of the leaders of the Mannerchor society of Council Bluffs, is missing. He left his place of business Monday and has not been seen since, except by some dirt haulers near the cemetery. Searchers are looking for him.

A New Haven physician who refused to attend an urgent case on the ground that he had a previous engagement has been fined $10.

Four bottles of Dr. Koch's lymp has been seized because they were sent through the mails as merchandise. They were worth $25.

A Connecticut woman, aged forty-eight years, died the other day of hydrophobia, the result of a bite from a cat on the forefinger of the right hand.

The University of Pennsylvania is about to establish a national school of American history as one of the departments of the institution.

A bill has been introduced in the Minnesota legislature prohibiting the appearance of females on any public stage dressed in tights.

Chris Nelson, in attempting to board a moving train at Mill Creek, Iowa, was cut to pieces.

The dry goods store of R. B. Ogilve at Madison, Wis., was entered by burglars and silk goods amounting to $500 stolen.

Oscar Harper fell on a revolving saw at Carrollton, Ills., and was killed.

Lou Johnson, an engineer of Lima, Ohio, was burned to death by an explosion of natural gas as he attempted to light the gas under the boilers.

Five members of the family of Chris Weinberg, of Ida county, Iowa, have died of trichinosis.

Conductor Lehner of electric car No. 32, at Des Moines, Iowa, found a pocketbook containing $3,000. He hunted up the owner, who had left the car, and returned the property. He was not even thanked for his trouble.

Mrs. L. Macoff, of High Prairie, Kan., was savagely gored by a boar, receiving injuries from which she will probably die.

Reports from all parts of the peach-growing section of Michigan show that the crop has not been injured by the recent cold weather.

There is a probability that Mrs. Russell Harrison will accept an urgent invitation she has received from Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln to visit her at London.

Harry Herrick, an 8-year-old inventor, living at Marinette, Wis., has been offered $3,000 for his patent on a toy ball.

Ex-Senator Pierce, of North Dakota, is being talked of for minister to China in case ex-Senator Blair decides not to accept.

Gen. Butler's "Reminiscences" are nearly ready for publication, and if they are not lively enough to sustain interest in the reading, they will not be characteristic of their author.

The Washington correspondents won so much applause by their outburst of song at the adjournment of congress that they are threatening to organize a glee club.

George Clark, a wealthy young man of Springfield, Mo., has filed a suit against his wife for a divorce, charging her with criminal intimacy with Professor Charles Palmer, who till a few days ago occupied the chair of chemistry in the Rolla school of mines. As soon as Clark made public his charges against Professor Palmer the latter resigned his chair and left Rolla.

Ohio has admitted her third woman lawyer to practice. She is the wife of the assistant city solicitor of Columbus.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 14, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Pauline Hall and Opera Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "Crystal Slipper."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Russell's Comedians in, "City Directory."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Co. in "The Red Hussar."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"My Jack."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Monroe & Rice in "Aunt Bridget."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Irish Corporal."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — Verona Jarbeau.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison, — "The World Against Her.."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"INQUIRER," Syracuse, N. Y.—No Irish-American member of Congress, so far as our knowledge extends, ever introduced a bill to make St. Patrick's Day a legal holiday in the United States. Nobody with a grain of sense would make himself ridiculous by such a proposition. It is a silly story, and was imposed upon the good natured reporter by some malignant idiot.

"A FRIEND," City—The best thing to do with a story of the "damphool" order, when it is related "at your expense," is to ignore it. The "damphool" liar is hard to overtake.

"AN AMERICAN," Mr. Finerty, while in Congress, spoke on American subjects exclusively. Statements to the contrary are all bosh, and are published mainly for political effect. It is often good to be lied about.

"P.M.C.," Kansas City—Much obliged by your kind letter. You will observe, however, that to discuss a question of comparison where the editor of THE CITIZEN is an interested party would be improper and undignified.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH HIERARCHY MUST RETIRE FROM POLITICS.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has declared in unmistakable terms against the assumption of the Catholic hierarchy to dictate politics to the Irish people. Sir Charles is a Catholic of the Catholics and has reached that period of life when man's judgment is generally supposed to be stronger than his passions. In making his declaration, the friend of Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon used once again his famous metaphor about the cause of Ireland being as dead as "a corpse on the dissecting table," if clerical interference in political affairs is not at once, and forever, overthrown in that unfortunate country. Following up Gavan Duffy's declaration comes a letter from Mr. Timothy Harrington in which he makes public a communication from Archbishop Logue, of Armagh, dated Oct. 15, 1890, and addressed to Mr. Parnell. In this document Archbishop Logue, on behalf of his brother prelates, makes complaint against the Irish delegates, O'Brien, Dillon, *et al.*, who were sent out here last fall, and condemns the non-payment of rent and the plan of campaign. He also invokes Mr. Parnell's authority, lately denied, in aid of the hierarchy, and threatens that the bishops will actively interfere if their demands are not complied with.

Only the other day, the Bishop of Down and Connor threatened with excommunication any of his flock who would dare to stand by Mr. Parnell. This is going too far with a vengeance. The history of the interference of the Irish Catholic bishops in politics is not flattering to either their wisdom or their patriotism. They have been, whether unintentionally or otherwise makes no difference, most useful allies of England in her work of attempting to destroy the nationality of Ireland. It is time that all this nonsense should end. Bishops are not ordained by God to guide in politics, and ought to attend severely to their spiritual functions, in which they have our highest respect, as well as that of every Catholic. They should keep out of Irish politics, and if they do not, the Irish people should bar them out. It is scandalous to be so dragooned by the English on the one side and the bishops on the other. What would Irish Catholics say if Protestant bishops were to interfere as prominently in politics as the Catholic hierarchy are doing? Ireland may as well, and at once, make up her mind to this fact: As long as the Irish Catholic bishops, who control the priests, continue to dictate politics to the majority in Ireland, so long will the Protestant people of Ulster and other parts of Ireland be the enemies of Irish independence. They fear and distrust the influence of the Catholic bishops in the councils of the nation, and their fear and distrust, under the circumstances, are not unnatural. Without the Irish Protestants, or a goodly majority of them, Ireland cannot achieve complete autonomy. Therefore, it is both prudent and patriotic for the Catholic hierachy and clergy to keep in the background, and allow the laity of Ireland, without regard to creed, to regulate the political affairs of their country.

BIGOTRY MUST BE REBUKED.

It is reported from Valparaiso, Ind., that the naturalized citizens of that place, incensed by the airs and pretensions of the parties who call themselves Patriotic Sons of America, have organized themselves, without reference to creed or party, into a counter organization to be known as the True Patriotic Sons of America. This is as it should be. The assumption on the part of a lot of nincompoop rigidities, who may have happened to be born on this soil—in Canada chiefly—to monopolize all the patriotism of the country must be strongly rebuked by the foreign born citizens and their American born friends. The Knownothing spirit is little less dangerous to our American institutions than the fell spirit of anarchy. Both are at war with the true genius of our government, which is founded on principles of equality and toleration solid and enduring as the everlasting hills. The Knownothings, no matter by what name they may call themselves, are traitors to and rebels against the constitution, the laws and the government of which they profess to be the sole defenders. They are trying to carry things with a high hand at present, but their downfall is certain and will be disgraceful.

Real American sentiment must be greatly shocked at the attempt to shout down a loyal citizen and respectable gentleman who is one of the candidates for the office of mayor in this city, because he has committed the heinous crime, in their eyes, of having married a Catholic lady of Irish parentage. Leaving out all question of party, such an attempt at political ostracism as has been made in the case of Mr. Hempstead Washburne, must rouse the ire of every true American, whether native or naturalized. It is a base and dastardly attempt to override the American constitution—the constitution of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Monroe, Madison, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant, and cannot be tolerated by any citizen who desires to transmit the liberty that he enjoys to his latest posterity. This country, claiming, most justly, to be the freest under the sun, cannot afford to be disgraced by a set of bigots who are, in the main, products of a hostile soil, or else descended from the Tory traitors who imperiled the liberty of the colonies in the days of the Revolution. Chicago must set the example of sitting squarely down upon any form of bigotry, which would make Catholicity a crime and which would place the foreign born citizen in the position of an outcast and an alien.

RESULT OF THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

It cannot be said that the American public take any real interest in the affairs of the Dominion of Canada, its elections, its laws, or anything connected with it. There are, probably, more annexationists in Canada than there are in the United States; that is, there are, probably, more people in Canada anxious for annexation, than there are people in the United States who would welcome it. There is a large element in Canada, composed almost entirely of English and Scotch ultra Tories and ultra Protestants, who would never make good citizens of this republic; who never will consent to annexation, and who, if forced to it by an overwhelming majority of their countrymen, would never make desirable American citizens, and whose descendants would remain disloyal to this republic and its institutions for many generations.

A great many Americans think that all Protestants, no matter where they come from, ought to make desirable American citizens and love republican institutions; but the results of the late elections in Canada ought to show every American the fallacy of such an opinion, for the most Catholic province in the Dominion, namely, Quebec, gave the largest liberal majority. If the other provinces had voted as Quebec did, Sir John MacDonald and the Tories would have been snowed under to such a depth as no political party ever had been snowed under before. Let some of our bigoted Knownothing bawlers, or some prominent member of the United Order of Deputies, examine the returns published in all our dailies of the Canadian elections, and if he does not feel ashamed, then he has no shame in him. Just in proportion as the Irish or French element predominated or was strong, just in proportion was the strength of the Liberal vote; and the Liberal vote was simply an annexation vote. This is admitted by all Canadians, and patent to everyone. Even in Ontario, with its large Tory and Orange element, the Tories were beaten on their own ground, the Liberals having a majority of three. Why was this? Why did not the most Orange province in Canada go Tory by an overwhelming majority? This question is very easily answered by any one that knows anything about Canada; it was because Ontario has a larger Irish element than any other province in the Dominion, and the large Irish Liberal vote neutralized the large Tory Orange vote. But New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba and the northwest territories, gave large Tory majorities, because there are comparatively few people of Irish or French blood in those provinces. Manitoba has a considerable French element, but not enough to neutralize the heavy Orange vote, for there are very few Irish in that province, and the Irish element in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is very small compared with what it is in Ontario.

It may be said that the whole, or a very large part of the influence of the Roman Catholic church in the province of Quebec was exerted in behalf of the Tories. This is very true, and very natural. The Roman Catholic church in Canada enjoys greater privileges than in any other part of the world. It was granted those privileges by England at the time of the conquest of Canada from the French, not out of any love for the church, but in order to make the French loyal to Great Britain. The privileges enjoyed by the church may have influenced the Canadian-French Catholic clergy, but have certainly not influenced the French Canadian Catholic voters, for the province in which they form at least 80 per cent of the population, gives what may be called an overwhelming Liberal, that is to say, annexationist majority! These are facts over which those Orangemen and similar disloyal orders which are permitted to exist in a country to which they are natural enemies, should think deeply and then blush crimson.

HON. MAURICE F. WILHERE.

His fellow countrymen throughout the Union, and, in fact, everywhere, will be glad to learn that the Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, National Delegate of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was triumphantly elected one of the police magistrates of the Quaker city at the recent municipal election. The term of office is five years, the position is important and the emoluments comfortable. THE CITIZEN most heartily congratulates Mr. Wilhere on his good fortune, and hopes that he is only in the beginning of his public honors. The Irish people of Nashville, Tenn., chose Mr. Wilhere as their orator for Emmet's Day, and his address gave universal satisfaction in that fair Southern city.

MORE CELTIC FOLK LORE.*

The book under notice here is very different indeed from the book of folk lore noticed in the last issue of THE CITIZEN. Both books are good, inasmuch as they are collections of rare folk lore stories, made with infinite labor and taken down from the mouths of Gaelic speakers in Ireland and in Scotland. Both books are got up in nearly the same style, the Gaelic being printed on one page, and the English on the other. Both books give the same class of stories, some of which are nearly the same in both. There is, however, one immense difference between them, namely, one is printed in generally correct Gaelic, and the other is printed in the jargon invented in Scotland some hundred and fifty years ago. If Dr. Hyde's book could be placed before a resurrected Scotch or Irish Gael who had been dead for nearly a thousand years, the greater part of it would be intelligible to him; whereas, if Mr. MacInnes' book were placed before the same resurrected Scotch or Irish Gael, he would hardly understand any more of it than he would of Choctaw. Here we have the grand difference between the two books: one is stamped with honesty, and the other bears the mark of fraud.

Too much praise could hardly be bestowed on Dr. Hyde's charming volume; not only are the stories interesting, but they generally teach a moral; no matter how wild or improbable the incidents narrated may be, the stories all end well; vice is always punished and virtue generally rewarded. For those wishing to get a knowledge of idiomatic and correct Gaelic, the book is invaluable. The scene of all the stories lies in the province of Connacht; but the Munster or Ulster reader, need not be afraid he will have any difficulty in understanding the Gaelic of this book, for no provincialisms or corruptions of any kind or any number worth naming, can be found in it. It is not written in the Gaelic of Ulster, Munster, or Connacht, but in the Gaelic of Ireland.

Dr. Hyde dedicates his book not to the rich and powerful, but to the poor and despised, as will be seen from the following, which is copied from the first page: "To the memory of those truly cultured and unselfish men, the poet-scribes and hedge-schoolmasters of the last century and the beginning of this—men who may be called the last of the Milesians—I dedicate this effort to preserve even a scrap of that native lore which in their day they loved so passionately, and for the preservation of which they worked so nobly, but in vain."

This volume contains fifteen stories in all. The first six have never been printed previously, and are given both in English and Irish—Irish on the left hand page, and English on the right. The other nine stories are translations of those that appeared in Irish in Dr. Hyde's first book, the "Leabhar Sgeuluigheachta," published some two years ago. The preface by Dr. Hyde is most interesting reading; so are the notes at the end of the volume, and so is a postscript by Mr. Alfred Nutt, the enterprising London publisher, but for whom this charming and thoroughly Irish book would probably never have seen the light.

The book is beautifully got up; paper, printing, and binding are all that could be desired. It contains two hundred pages, including preface. The price seems rather high, six and sixpence; but when the value of the book is taken into consideration, the learning and patriotism of its gifted author, and the rare correctness of the Gaelic it contains, it should be in every Irish family in Christendom. Those wanting the book should send the money direct to the publisher, Mr. Nutt. Some of our Chicago Gaelic loving Irishmen have the book, and received it in a very short time after sending the money.

*"Beside the Fire," "Le h-ais na teineadh," by Douglas Hyde, L.L.D. David Nutt, No. 270 Strand, London.

FRANCE AND THE FAIR.

FIRST among the nations of Europe to take official notice of the coming World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, and to promise its hearty co-operation, comes the Republic of France. The French government will set aside a certain sum of money to be expended in sending machinery, works of art, etc., to the Columbian Exposition. The promptness of France in offering her aid reflects great credit on that nation, and shows that the old friendship between her and America yet exists, in spite of the many unfortunate events that have tended to estrange them in the past. Germany has not yet officially announced that she will give her aid; but the emperor and cabinet are, according to Minister Phelps, favorably disposed, and there is, therefore, little doubt but the German Reichstag will soon vote a sum of money to aid German exhibitors. England has not yet given any sign that she will aid in making a success of the coming great Fair; she may yet do so; but it seems curious that she should be so dilatory in giving official recognition of her intentions.

A COLLECTION OF IRISH SONGS.

An interesting collection of Irish songs has just been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and Lyon & Healy of Chicago. The lyrics are all set to music, printed in large legible characters. Many of the songs, such as "Barney O'Hea," "The Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow," and "The Jaunting Car" are of course very old favorites, while the new metrical claimants for popular favor are discouragingly few—so few, in fact, that we might well inquire if there exists at all an Irish minstrelsy of the day, apart from the tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat buffoneries that pass muster for Irish lyrics behind the footlights of London music halls.

Messrs. Lyon & Healy deserve the thanks of Irishmen for the production of the entertaining volume. Though some of the "humorous" songs might have been omitted with advantage to the tone of the publication, and although, moreover, the musical arrangements here and there are not altogether satisfactory, the collection deserves a place in every library and on every piano in circles where Irish music is appreciated and cultivated. It is by the bye a sad and humiliating fact that Irish music seems to be as much ignored by the Irish abroad as it is by the Irish at home. Here in Chicago Germans, Swedes and other nationalities have their musical societies by the score, while the Irish have not even one. Somehow or another many of our country people who are adept in "the harmony of sweet sounds" devote all or nearly all their attention to Italian or German opera—despite the fact that Balfe and Wallace have left behind them masterpieces that might compare favorably with the best penned by Verdi or other Italian *maestri*. We are told that it is the fashion to indulge in Neapolitan madrigals, and to join enthusiastically in the cult of Wagner; and some of us are moreover brought up in the silly and slavish idea that the singing of Irish ditties is not "the exact thing—don't you know." The sooner we get rid of such degrading and unpatriotic delusions the better. Ireland can boast of a wealth of music second to none—music sad and melancholy, weird and pathetic, romantic and fanciful, gay and sprightly, echoing as it were the emotions of every chord of the versatile Irish heart. We have Jacobote relics of surpassing beauty, and melodies of which there are no rivals; while some of the most popular of so-called Scotch lyrics were originally composed by Irishmen, and were "borrowed" by Sandy for his own use in her own canny fashion. With such a fruitful store at our disposal, our musicians and music loving compatriots would do well to give the home product a trial before going in quest of the foreign article. In other words they should prefer patriotism to fashion. We trust that the publication of Messrs. Lyon & Healy will meet with that success which it so well deserves.

AMONG the young ladies and gentlemen who took a creditable part in the literary and musical exercises at the Emmet celebration in Central Music Hall on the evening of the 4th inst., were Misses Mamie McKay, May Sexton, Alice Higgins and Maggie L. Duggan; and Messrs. J. H. Hetreed, William Looney, James O'Connor, Charles A. McCarthy, P. B. Flannigan, Andrew Foy, E. M. Cummings, D. F. Coleman, J. J. Maloney, T. J. O'Hern, J. J. Phelan and Prof. Delaney. Mesdames M. A. Coleman, Rose A. Parks and Annie Roche were also bright particular stars of the evening.

HAVING misunderstood some particulars received as to the death of the late lamented Edward McQuaid, formerly of this city, and whose obituary appeared in the last issue of THE CITIZEN, we hasten to correct them. His brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. Weadley, of this city, informs us that so far from Mr. McQuaid having died suddenly, he had been sick for seven months, and was fully prepared for his end. He was older than was stated, having completed his fifty seventh year. THE CITIZEN is sorry that any inaccuracies should have appeared in the obituary of an old friend, and one so generally esteemed.

MR MAURICE M. O'CONNER is in the field for the office of West Town assessor, and seems to have a large following—so large, in fact, as to scare all his Democratic competitors for the nomination. Mr. O'Connor is a well known business man of this city, and has always been prominent in Irish national matters. His friends claim that he is entitled to recognition as a first class American citizen. If Mr. O'Connor is nominated, the Republicans will be compelled to put up their very strongest man against him.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Typhoid fever is very prevalent in Tullamore.

A public meeting announced to be held on the lands of Mr. James Nolan, Tinneclash, Ballon, county Carlow, was proclaimed by the lord lieutenant.

A sacrilegious robbery was perpetrated at the Catholic chapel, Carrigtwohill. Two collection boxes were rifled of their contents.

Henry Young, a young man from Cavan, was arrested in Derry on the charge of having stolen a letter containing £5, from the postoffice in the town of Cavan. Young was a clerk in the postoffice.

A telegram from Loughrea states that the tenants on the Portumna portion of Lord Clanricarde's property have made terms with the agent, and broken away from the plan of campaign.

At the meeting of the Westport board of guardians, Mr. M'Evilly, relieving officer, Louisburgh, handed in a number of eviction notices, containing the names of twenty-seven families on Lord Sligo's estate.

A young man named John Tuohy, 22 years old, residing in Old Mill street, Ennis was arrested Feb. 19 on a charge of matricide.

The annual convention of delegates of the county Waterford Gaelic Athletic Association was held in the Town hall, Dungarvan, on the 23d ult. The election of officers having been proceeded with, the following were elected: President, Rev. M. Casey, C. C., Aglish; treasurer, D. Fraher, Dungarvan; secretary, Wm. Landers, Ballinrood. Committee—Messrs T. Barry, Dungarvan; J. Heaphy, Ballinrood; P. Prendergast, Ballinameela; M. Hynes, Kinsalebeg; M. Power, Nire; John Crotty, Kilrossenty; P. Harris, Ballyduff Upper; A. McCarthy, Tallow.

Two poor fishermen named John and Michael Shea, uncle and nephew, of Rathcoursey, near Midleton, were drowned in Cork harbor while salmon fishing on the 22d ult.

The body of a non-union laborer named Thomas Doyle was found in the floating dock at Limerick. It is stated that in the course of a row Doyle was shoved into the basin, and a fellow laborer, John Burke, has been arrested.

The brigantine Hero, bound from Ardrossan to Limerick with a cargo of coals, was driven ashore in the late fog at Kilciogher Head, west of Carrigaholt, and will become a total wreck. Her crew saved.

Mr. Healy and his supporters had a very exciting time in Carrick-on-Shannon on Feb. 22. Early in the day a large contingent of Parnellites from Drumahambo arrived, headed by a banner with the inscription "Where Parnell leads Drumshambo will follow." On reaching the platform they collided with the Healyites, who were headed by the Catholic priests. The anti Parnellite drum was captured and Jasper Tully of the Roscommon *Herald* was nearly killed. Several anti-Parnellites in the crowd were severely beaten. A woman urged the Parnellites to tear down the platform, and several Healyites had to fly for their lives through the streets. At 3:30 o'clock a contingent of anti Parnellites from Mohill headed by their priests were seen coming down the streets. The majority of the crowd round the platform rushed up to meet them, with the result that the newcomers were stopped about fifty yards from the platform and a fearful row ensued. The two crowds fought with sticks for several minutes, the clergymen being in the midst of the scrimmage endeavoring to separate the combatants. During all this time the police had done nothing to preserve the peace. The struggle continued without intermission till it became evident that the Parnellite party had beaten their opponents. Several persons were knocked down and beaten, and ultimately individual anti Parnellites were seen running away, chased by crowds with sticks. One man made for the house of Mr. Owen McDermott, at the door of which further pursuit was stopped by a man who seemed to be a leader of the Parnellites. Others escaped into other houses, few, however, without some wound as a result of the encounter. The struggle with blackthorns and ashplants continued further up the street, and blood was flowing freely. Stones began to fly through the air, and when things had become almost as bad as they could be, District Inspector Rogers was seen running down the street whistling for reinforcements. Evidently, however, his signal was not heard, as it was some minutes before additional men arrived. In the meantime several persons were badly injured, and a rush was made by a crowd of Parnellites to capture the platform. At the steps leading up to it a number of anti Parnellites, with several clergymen, had collected, and a struggle ensued, in the midst of which one of the clergymen was struck. This seemed to calm the attack considerably, and the assault on the platform was not continued. The struggle increased in fierceness as the minutes flew by, the supporters of Mr. Healy being chased up and down the main street, while the crack of sticks across the skulls of the fugitives was frequent. The clergymen left the platform and proceeded to the steps in front of the Catholic church. As soon as they had left the Parnellite crowd destroyed the platform completely, tearing down the timbers and rolling the barrels on which the planks had been placed through the streets.

A new Catholic church is to be erected in Castlebar.

Miss Mary Josephine Jordan, of Belmullet, died recently.

His Holiness the Pope, at the instance of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, has conferred the dignity of monsignor on the Very Rev. John Kearney, V G., Buncrana, and Very Rev. Bernard McGurk, V G., Maghera. The papal distinctions conferred on these two worthy priests will be most acceptable in the diocese.

Ex Mayor Wm. J. O'Donnell, of Limerick, has been appointed justice of the peace.

The official *Gazette* of February 17 contains notices sanctioning the construction of the Baltimore Extension railway, the Headford and Kenmare railway, and the West Kerry, Killorglin and Valentia railway. There is also an order authorizing the abandonment of the West Kerry Light railway.

Smallpox is prevalent in Belfast. It was imported by a sailor.

John Coleman Kieran, Esq., of Ratherist, has been sworn in as high sheriff for the county Louth for the present year. Thos. J. Byrne, Esq., has been appointed subsheriff, and Charles MacMahon, solicitor, 43 Dame street, Dublin, returning officer.

M'Murrogh Murphy has been appointed secretary to the Bank of Ireland, in place of Mr. Francis Johnson, resigned.

Mr. Joseph Mangan, of Killorglin, has been admitted a solicitor of the supreme court of judicature in Ireland. Mr. Mangan served his apprenticeship with Mr. Maurice Healy, M. P., Cork.

On Feb. 12, Mr. Daniel Ross O'Connell, J. P., of Lake View, Killarney, was sworn in high sheriff of Kerry for the ensuing year. Afterwards Mr. Thomas O. Goodman of Tralee, was sworn in sub sheriff.

A faction fight occurred on Feb. 17 at the fair of Spiddal. A man named Connell was killed.

A strike on the Galway & Clifden Railway took place on Feb. 16. The men demanded 15 shillings a week.

The following fairy tale is reported in a local Irish paper: Six men made a call on Major Chearnley, of Salterbridge, near Cappoquin, at an unfashionable hour on the night of Feb. 12. The object of the visit is understood to have been a little discussion on the fascinating subject of the Parnell O'Shea question. Chearnley, who is a noted stickler for etiquette, refused to receive them into his mansion. They immediately proceeded to break in the front door, and the major whistled up his armed retainers, to wit, Kielly, a gamekeeper, and his two assistants. A fusillade of shots was then exchanged and the enemy retreated, but succeeded in carrying off the wounded and also their "flags and cannon." The Cappoquin police have since arrested, on suspicion, six men, named Michael Barry, of Dromore; John Linehan, do; John Barry, do; John Savage, Youghal; Patrick Coleman, Dromore; and a boy named Savage. The accused parties were brought to Lismore and remanded.

The primate of Ireland has appointed the Rev. Father Smyth, C. C., Dundalk, successor to the late Father Quinn, P. P., Beragh, as pastor of the parish. The Rev. Father Brady, C. C., Carlingford, has been transferred to the curacy of Haggardstown, and is replaced in Carlingford by the Rev. F. Murtagh, late C. C. of Haggardstown.

At Lurgan, on the 18th ult., a farmer Francis Fanning, residing near Lurgan, brought a criminal prosecution for the alleged larceny of a pig against another farmer named Thomas Hand. It appeared that Fanning and Hand, who are neighbors, came to an agreement that on the 11th ult. they should go together to the farm of a man named Uprichard, from whom each was to purchase two pigs, but it was agreed that the prosecutor should have "the first pick" of the animals. The arrangement was duly carried out, Fanning selecting "a big pig and a wee one," and Hand taking two "middle sized ones." Each man put his pigs into a bag, and the two bags, with their precious contents, were then placed into a cart belonging to Fanning, and he and Hand started home together in the cart. On arriving at Hand's house he (Hand) got off the cart and took into his piggery what was then supposed to be the bag containing the "two middle sized" porkers. The men having parted the best of friends, Fanning continued the journey to his own farm, but on getting to his destination was horrified to discover that in some mysterious manner "the big pig" had been abstracted from his bag, and one of the "middle sized" animals substituted for it. As Hand absolutely refused to admit that any mistake had been made or to restore "the big pig" to the man who claimed to be its rightful owner, Fanning now brought a prosecution for larceny against him.

Mr. Menary—You must give us back our big pig. We insist on your doing so (laughter).

Mr. O'Reilly—Never.

Prosecutor—The "cock lugged pig" that I found in my bag when I got home was never intended for me. Hand was to take it.

A magistrate—Have you the pigs in court? (More laughter).

Mr. Menary—No, but we'll identify the big pig beyond any possibility of doubt.

Mr. Hayes, solicitor—The pigs should certainly be produced in court, so that the clerk of petty sessions might mark them (laughter).

Mr. Menary—There can be no doubt but that the big pig should be here.

Mr. O'Reilly—We're not bound to have it in court, as you served no notice on us to produce it (renewed laughter).

Mr. Hayes—This beats Pigs in Clover all to pieces.

In the result the bench held that the case was one for a civil action, if any, and dismissed the case.

Mr. Menary—We'll go to the quarter sessions court.

Mr. O'Reilly—And we'll we prepared to meet you there (laughter).

IN SHANNON LAND.

Beauties of Athlone—Descriptions of Its Houses and Streets.

A Picturesque and Seldom Visited Old Town.

ATHLONE.

How trees and water can beautify a town. The splendid lines of an old churchyard fringe a great portion of Athlone's main street, which takes its name of Church street from this, St. Mary's, while at each division between the houses we see the Shannon gliding away, far below us at the foot of steep and narrow streets—almost lanes, but each well worthy an excursion to the foot, if only to see the exquisite neatness of the cottages which descend like steps of stairs all the way down to the water's brink. The very steepness of these side streets shows upon what an elevation the town is built; it runs along a high ridge of gravel, a portion of the Eskars, which continue all across Ireland from Dublin to Galway. It was thought that Athlone owes its great healthfulness in part to its situation on this gravel ridge, so high above and drained immediately into the Shannon; it is certain that there is a delightful sense of health in the air, while diseases of an epidemic nature are rarely known in the place. About half way up the street we come upon one of the treasures of Athlone, and in order to study its full beauty it is necessary to turn into the little square which forms a sort of bower right in the centre of the town; the prettiest little spot imaginable. Here, under its leafy shade, is a big bow window of real old style, the end window of the Prince of Wales Hotel; beside the bay window are the gates leading to

THE RECTORY GROUNDS,

where, I am sure, there will be no objection to any strangers entering to admire a willow tree of unique size and beauty, which, with its surroundings, make a charmingly fresh vista as seen from the street. Beside the parsonage gate is the entrance to the church and its grounds, where, following a pathway under the perfumed limes, we will tread our way through the tombs to a corner that overlooks the thoroughfare, and, seated on the wall and hidden by the branches, take a good view up and down the pretty street and right across at the most wonderful piece of art in roof-making that could, perhaps, be found in any country.

At first sight one exclaims "What a quaint old house, and what a curious roof!" but come up here, try to make an accurate drawing of that roof, and then see with what cunning and infinite pains the little old-fashioned slates were worked into the arches above the wyat windows; these arches or coves run high up into the roof, tapering to a point, like the curious, conical head-dresses of an ancient time. Looking at them, there comes to mind a tapestry with king and queen, knights and ladies out riding on Isabella colored steeds, the queen and her ladies wearing on their heads long conucopia, with veils floating from the points. The way in which the rows of slating are fashioned is a marvel, being, to a feminine mind, an exact copy of the manner in which a bonnetmaker uses her rows of straw plait; now narrowing the head by graduating the amount of plait left to view or slipped under its neighboring row, now neatly finishing off an edge in the same way, so that where the roof rises the rows of slating are rounded and "gored," and let in and let out in a style that renders the whole a perfect study, and makes of this, with its fine old windows,

THE MOST ARTISTIC HOUSE

in Athlone for lovers of the antique. Its depth forms one side of a recess in the street, corresponding with that formed on the opposite side by the entrance to the hotel, parsonage, and church, and, looking to the far end of the recess, one can see where a barbarous piece of "improvement" has been recently made in this beautiful roof, of which a portion has been removed and replaced by the commonest of modern slating. I do not know who is the landlord of the house; I do know that the old covering is sadly out of repair, and that it would be well worth the while of all the best builders in the country to go to Athlone and hold a solemn council as to how this quaint house could be renovated from the interior, so as to leave its roof and windows intact. The builders would bring away a charming design for old new houses that, in these days of revival of the antique, would make their fortunes. I know that if I lived there I would sleep under an umbrella in wet weather rather than that repairs should be made that would spoil the beauty of the old house. Anyone taking away that treasure of a roof and window would deserve that the pillory be restored in the town.

"Speak up now, Tom; give it out well!"

Below, at the hotel corner, stands a figure very familiar to the Athlonians, a little crowd of whom are now waiting to hear the how, when, and where of the coming announcement, and Tom stands a moment in his own quiet attitude, awaiting a pause in the street sounds that he may ring his bell and "cry" the stray shorthorn missing from Pat Kelly's drove. One would think the bellman paused just to have his likeness taken. A slight figure, a sort of listening, waiting attitude; a droop in the head; a pale face of singularly sweet and refined expression and features; a face almost womanly in its delicacy and gentleness, the gentleness that comes only with a great affliction patiently borne; a dress that, somehow, has a look of having been fashioned about the same time as the old house opposite, for the coat is of an indefinite blue, such as one of the light blue coats of generations back would have faded to by this time, and the soft grey hat is almost a cocked hat of the days of light-blue coats.

Tom, the bellman, has need of a patient nature, for he is blind; not born so, but, worse still, afflicted some ten years ago when the loss of sight was to him what it never was to those born blind. God alone knows the heroic effort that must be made by a strong man thus deprived not alone of all the happiness the sense of sight gives us—the loss of the sunlight, the beautiful world, the faces of those we love—but deprived also of

THE POWER OF WINNING BREAD

for his family save by some nominal, feeble occupation, or by begging. It is small wonder that our people should be, as they are, very tender of one such among them, and perhaps it is the very tenderness and consideration the poor blind bellman meets from all around him that have so daily reminded him of the goodness of God that no bitter repining could remain in his heart, or impatient look cast its shadow on his gentle face.

Again a shepherd, and, of course a crook. This time he turns his flock (the sheep in this country are remarkably clean) in beside the church while he counts over £184 received from a well-dressed young farmer who is seated on the hotel window-sill. Then ensues such a chaffering over his luck-penny as takes our whole attention from all else; and no wonder. The young farmer seems to set more store by getting back his as a luck-penny, and haggles over it ten times more than he ever did over the price of the flock of sheep. Either he is a mean young man, or there is some unheard of charm in a luck penny.

Somewhere or other I have come across the origin of a toast-master's hammer, but as yet I have not discovered the origin of that sounding slap of the palms between the two men who have just struck a bargain. It is a necessary part, the stamped receipt on conclusion of the business, and there is no more drawing back once the seller has felt that stroke on his open hand than if an attorney had drawn up, sgned, sealed, and delivered an assignment. I should like to know the when and wherefore of that custom.

"Begor, but you're a great man!—Begor" (in a very altered tone), "but you're thin though!" Two men have just met at our corner, and one can not but be struck by the greeting, from a hale, hearty, elderly man to the sallow, skin and bone old young man he has grasped so warmly by the hand. The contrast between the two is a strange one. It is the old man who has the youthful vigor in face, form, and manner; the younger who is worn, old, listless anything but prepossessing. In the first greeting of the old neighbor there was hearty pleasure; the second exclamation was involuntarily full of pity and surprise. No need to play eavesdropper to come to a full knowledge of the sallow youth's story. He was discontented at home, listened to the emigration agent's stories of how plenty gold was across the ocean—no word as to how costly all that was to be brought with it, stories of the dry, magnificent climate and treble crop-producing soil—no word of the effects of burning heats of summer and frost and snow-bound winters on a constitution accustomed to balmy air the year round; he was told of work in plenty in the big cities and the big wages for it—no word of the hungry crowds from all nations already too many for the work; of the thousands dying slowly—worse than at home—under the over-pressure of hard task-masters, and the fact that a dollar out west but equals one shilling and sixpence at home. (?) The young man eagerly and innocently drank in the tales of great stretches of land—rich land, to be had only for the asking, out west, "just a step or so across the country." He went, on an assisted passage, a few shillings and one decent home spun suit his fortune; he found that, even if he had seven-leagued boots, it would be many a long step to reach farms "jest across the country"; he had no money even to reach one, and he learned that if ever he got to such a place he would be just in such a condition as if someone at home in the old country (and oh! how green and sweet and smiling it looked in the distance) had given him a present of a big stone mountain and told him that there was a mine of gold at the bottom of that and he might dig it out, if he could, single-handed and without as much cash as would buy him a pickax. He had to stop just where he landed and, not being a rogue, strive desperately to earn as much as would give him bread. Even with the help of friends from Ireland, anyone can see at a glance the battle there has been to fight. With the same desperate struggle he could have done at least as well at home without having the sunken, leathern-skinned cheeks, the weakened limbs, the look in mouth and eyes that will never, never again be the same it once was—never again be like those of the old man gazing at him. He must have struggled hard, and with a will, to come back, for, take a careful look at his clothes; twenty five shilling, at the outside, would have bought that half shoddy shop suit (made by the worn out back of the sweater) which cost him $15 (£3) in New York; and listen to his talk in the smart foreign accent he has picked up—the only thing he got cheap.

[THE CITIZEN does not agree with Miss Banim in this matter.—ED.]

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

BY ADJT. S. H. M. BYERS.

[Written by Adjt. Byers, Fifth Iowa Infantry, while a prisoner of war at Columbia, S.C.]

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us.
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor-flag falls;
We paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers.
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But today fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Judge Fitzgerald's Illness.

The numerous friends of our distinguished townsman will regret to learn of his protracted and serious illness. About the 1st of February he was taken down with an acute attack of rhumatism which lasted two weeks. On the 16th he went to Topeka to meet his friend T. V. Powderly. He visited the house of representatives with Mr. Powderly, Senator Peffer, and Congressman Davis, and intended listening to Mr. Powderly's address in the evening, but later on in the afternoon he found that his trip had been too much for him. After a conversation with Mr. Powderly he was compelled to leave for St. Mary's on the evening train. The next day he was taken sick with pleuretic trouble, which developed into pneumonia. For several days his condition was critical, but owing to the spiritual and temporal assistance rendered by Father Kries and Dr. Miller, in connection with good home nursing, he is now regarded as out of danger, and will be able to be about in ten days.—*St Mary's (Kan) Star, Mar. 5.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE.

GRAND MARSHAL AND AIDES.

The following aides have been appointed by the grand marshal, Capt. L R Buckley, for the parade on St. Patrick's Day: Daniel Corkery, Lieut. John Byrnes, Hugh Hackett, M. J. Keane, P. J. Kennedy, John J. McKenna, William Gavin, John J. Mahoney, John Dowling, William Kelley, James J. Sullivan, William H. Joyce, John Long, Daniel O'Connor, Thomas Deady, Ald. John Powers, John Fox, Michael McInerney, Joseph A. O'Donnell, John McCaffery, Dominick Nicholson, Harry P. Fleming, Patrick Morris, John P. Hopkins, John A. Murphy, Jr., William Lyman, Michael Heaney, John P. Coan, Dr. D. O'Shea, F. T. Nichol, David McGann, A. Beemish, Ald. Wm. F. O'Brien, John W. McCarthy, Lawrence Henley, Ald. T. Hickey, Dr. T. F. O'Malley, John F. O'Malley, M. J. Kelly, A. J. Ford. M.C. Lynch, Timothy Bourke, James Fitzgerald, Con. O'Donnell, Dennis McCarthy, Paul Henehan, Edward Ring, Hugh R. Banon, Michael McCarthy, M. J. Sullivan, Michael Bransfield, Dennis O'Leary, Martin Mulcahey, Jerry B. Carmody, Michael Blake, Simon Derwin, P. J. Mangan, D. F. Cannon, M J. O'Brien, P. McElligott.

FORMATION OF COLUMN.

The formation of the column will be as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of Police.
Grand Marshal and Aides.
Officers of the Irish American Council and clergy in carriages.
Band.
First Regiment Hibernian Rifles.
Holy Name Zouave Cadets.
St. Stanislaus Cadets.
St. Mary's Cadets.
Knights of St. Patrick, mounted.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band.
Hibernian Benevolent Society.
Father Mathew Temperance Band.
Father Mathew Cadets.
Father Mathew T. A. & B. Society.
St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society.
St. Pius Temperance Society.
St. Pius Church Married Men's Sodality.
St. Pius Church Young Men's Sodality.
St. Aloysius Society.

THIRD DIVISION.

Band.
Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Band.
Divisions 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Band.
Divisions 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Band.
Divisions 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 and 35, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Band.
The following clubs of the Gaelic Athletic Association:
Robert Emmet Club.
Innisfail Club.
Michael Davitt Club.
Columbia Club.
Wolfe Tone Club.
Henry Grattan Club.
William O'Brien Club.
Daniel O'Connell Club.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Band.
Clan-na-Gael Guards, acting as escort to citizens.
Marshal and Aides of Citizens.
Citizens.
Carriages.
Police.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

The grand marshal and aides will rendezvous on Desplaines street, south of Washington, where all chiefs of divisions will report to the grand marshal

The first division will rendezvous on the south side of Randolph street, right resting on Desplaines, Col. Thomas Hartigan chief of division.

The second division will rendezvous on the east side of Union street, right resting on Randolph; F. T. Nichol chief of division.

The third division will rendezvous on the north side of Randolph street, right resting on Desplaines; County Delegate P. B. Finigan chief of division.

The fourth division will rendezvous on the south side of Washington street, east of Desplaines, right resting on Desplaines street; Con. O'Donnell chief of division.

The fifth division will rendezvous on the south side of Washington street, west of Desplaines, right resting on Desplaines street; John J. Mahoney chief of division. The carriages of this division will form on the north side of Washington street, right resting on Desplaines.

No carriages will be allowed in the procession except in the fifth division beyond those of the clergy and the Irish-American Council in the first division.

Any societies not herein mentioned, by reporting to the grand marshal will be assigned positions in the column.

LINE OF MARCH.

The procession will move at 1:30 o'clock p.m., sharp, and the following line of march will be observed: South on Desplaines street to Adams street, west on Adams to Halsted street, south on Halsted to Congress street, west on Congress to Centre avenue, south on Centre avenue to Taylor street, west on Taylor to Loomis street, south on Loomis to Twelfth street, east on Twelfth to Blue Island avenue, northeast on Blue Island avenue to Harrison street, east on Harrison to State street, north on State to Van Buren street, west on Van Buren to Clark street, north on Clark to Indiana street, west on Indiana to Desplaines street, south on Desplaines to Madison street, and there pass in review by the grand marshal and aides, and disperse.

The procession will be reviewed by the mayor and city council, and his Grace Archbishop Feehan, from the convent of the Sacred Heart on West Taylor street, near Loomis street.

CAPT. L R. BUCKLEY,
Grand Marshal.

It is not the extremes of heat and cold so much as the sudden changes in temperature that cause certain climates to be unhealthful. When, however, the system is invigorated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, these changes are rarely attended with injurious results.

Literary Notes.

In the Talleyrand Memoirs in the March *Century*, the following remark is thrown in at the end of his account of Murat's treason, and suggests, if it was not suggested by, Talleyrand's personal experience.

"There was in Napoleon's power, at the stage it had now reached, a radical defect which seemed to me necessarily injurious to his stability, and even tending towards his final overthrow. Napoleon took delight in disquieting, in humiliating, in tormenting those that he himself had raised; and they, placed in a state of continual distrust and irritation, worked underhand against the power that had created them and that they already looked upon as their greatest enemy.

Money in the Business.

Tell Mrs. Wells that her, or any industrious person can make $30 a week in the plating business. For particulars, address the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill. A Plater costs $3. I am working now and know there is money in the business.

Brother Redmond, Superior of the Christian Brothers' schools, Bruff, county Limerick, has been transferred to the Westland row schools, Dublin.

DON'T GIVE UP, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50 cents.

SOUGHT FOR the last hundred years. A remedy for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head found at last in Ely's Cream Balm. Safe and pleasant to use and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once and a thorough treatment positively cures. Price 50 cents.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

On Feb. 6, a ghastly discovery was made in Cremorgan woods. The spot is quite close to the village of Timahoe, about five miles from Maryborough, and is not much frequented. A laborer in the employment of Mr. Moore, J. P., the owner of the property, on going his rounds, found a man suspended by a rope around his neck from a tree. The dead man has since been identified as John Egan, a man of about thirty years of age, who had been missing for the last ten months. An inquest was held, and the evidence showed that early last April Egan had some quarrel at home and left his house in a furious passion, threatening to kill himself, and was never heard of after until his skeleton was discovered as stated. A verdict of suicide was returned.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

All Lord de Freyne's tenants who have been in prison have been discharged. Their names deserve to be recorded: William Pritchard, two months' imprisonment; Owen Lavin, two months' imprisonment; Michael Duffy, two months' imprisonment; Martin Beirne, two months' imprisonment; James Creighton, two months' imprisonment; John Corcoran, two months' imprisonment; Thomas Lampey, two months' imprisonment; Pat Lavin, seven weeks' imprisonment; Michael Callagan, seven weeks' imprisonment; Tim Higgins, five weeks' imprisonment; Malachi Higgins, five weeks' imprisonment; Pat Connor, three weeks' imprisonment; John Casserly, six weeks' imprisonment; James Creighton, five weeks' imprisonment; Thomas Finn, five weeks' imprisonment; Thomas Egan, four weeks' imprisonment.

Men and women prematurely gray and whose hair was falling, are enthusiastic in praising Hall's Hair Renewer for restoring the color and preventing baldness.

The landlords of Ireland at the present time, Mr. Davitt says, are indebted to English banks, English money lenders, and Jews, and other mortgagees, to the extent of £160,000,000.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

H.R.EAGLE

HERE THEY ARE.

20 lbs Extra C Sugar for.....$1.00
Granulated Sugar, per lb.....6 3/8 cents

Shoudy's Telephone Soap, full pound bars, each	3¾ cents
1 lb can Dr. Price's Baking Powder for	29 cents
California Unpeeled Peeches, per lb	9 cents
A 2 lb can Bartlett Pears for	12½ cents
A 3 lb can California Asparagus for	4 cents
A 15 lb pail Split Trout (the pail alone is worth 15 cents) for	39 cents
Large cans Mustard Sardines for	7¾ cents
A bottle of Tiny Tim Pickles for	15 cents
A 2 lb can Preserved Raspberries for	12½ cents
A 3 lb can California Plums for	14 cents
A 3 lb can California Muscat Grapes for	15 cents
Mountain Condensed Milk (same as Highland) per can	10 cents
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
Quarter box finest London Layer Table Raisins for	68 cents
1 lb cans Alaska Salmon for	9 cents
A 10 lb pail Extra Family Mackerel	$1.14
A 20 lb Pail Pure Fruit Jelly for	75 cents
Swift & Co.'s Best California Hams, per lb	5¾ cents
1 lb packages Mixed Bird Seed for	2¾ cents
A 3 lb can Solid Meat Tomatoes for	8 cents
1 lb package best Corn Starch for	6 cents
Carolina Head Rice, per pound	5 cents
A 3 lb can California Table Peaches for	18 cents
A 1 lb wood box Rob Roy Smoking Tobacco for	23 cents
1 lb cloth bag Golden West Smoking Tobacco for	19 cents
A 3 lb can Sweet Wild Blackberries for	17 cents
Ko Ke-Ine Washing Powder, per package	3 cents
Fard Dates, per pound	5 cents
Prepared Mustard, put up in cut glass Frappe Glasses, each	7 cents
A 3 lb can California Greengages for	12½ cents
California Dried Pears, per pound	10 cents
Extra Preserved Figs, in glass jars, worth 75 cents each, our price	39 cents
Epps' Cocoa, per tin	15 cents
Lewis Lye, per can	7 cents
Rising Sun Stove Polish, per package	3¾ cents

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl....$5.68

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Golden Rod Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl.....$4.98
Washburn & Crosby's Superlative Flour, per brl.....$5.18
Diamond Medal Patent Flour, per brl.....$5.28
Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....$4.88

SOAPS.

33 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3 10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2.40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	7c	80
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 30
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
3-lb cans Pumpkin	10c	1 00
2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1 05
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 70
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn. This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.	11c	1 25
2 lb cans Paxton Corn	9c	1 05
2-lb cans Oneida Co., N. Y., Sweet Corn	10c	1 15

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	10c	$1.15
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	12c	1 30
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	19c	2 20
American Sardines in oil	5c	55
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 05
Imported Sardines in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

COFFEES.

6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for....$1 00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for.... 1.00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, for 1.00
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb.....20c

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb.....25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb.....35 cents
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb.....50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb. 25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb..35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb..50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb 25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb..35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb.....50 cents

H.R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

SUNRISE.

The sun sinks downward thro' the silver mist
That looms across the valley, fold on fold,
And sliding thro' the fields that dawn has kissed,
Willamette trails, a serpent scaled with gold.

Trails onward ever, curving as it goes,
Past many a hill and many a flowered lea,
Until it passes where Columbia flows,
Deep tongued, deep chested, to the waiting sea.

Oh, lovely vales thro' which Willamette slips!
O, vine clad hills that hear its soft voice call!
My heart turns ever to those sweet, cool lips
That, passing, press each rock or grassy wall.

Thro' pasture lands, where mild eyed cattle feed,
Thro' marshy flats, where velvet tules grow,
Past many a rose tree, many a singing reed,
I hear those wet lips calling, calling low.

The sun sinks downward thro' the trembling haze;
The mist flings glistening needles high and higher,
And thro' the clouds—O, fair beyond all praise!
Mount Hood leaps, chastened from a sea of fire.

—Ella Higgins in West Shore.

A PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

DEAR MIKE—Will you look in at my shop this evening? Quiller is in town, and is going to dine with me at the club. I can't stand an evening of him alone, but if you and Teddy O'Brien will support me, with pipes and potations, I think we shall be a match for him. Come early, and I'm your friend for life.

DICK GRAVES.

I had nothing particular to do, so I sent word round to Dick that I should turn up, having first made sure that Teddy O'Brien, whose studio was in the same block, would go also. Quiller we knew of old, as all the world knew him—a man who had seen everything, done everything, been everywhere—and these occasional visits of his were a perpetual terror to Graves. Why he paid them we never knew. There was a kind of traditional friendship between the families certainly, but Quiller was a man who scoffed at tradition. He was in every way out of sympathy with a set of ardent and impecunious painters. As journalist, as traveler, as man of the world, he had outlived his enthusiasms. Life contained no new experiences, no surprises for him. It was only a monotonous round of the known and the expected.

Dick Graves, who usually shone as a host, was not at his best that evening. He was nervous at first, and rather silent, leaving the burden of talk to Teddy and myself; and we had the ill luck as the punch circulated to light on a vein of humorous stories, at which we laughed consumedly ourselves without evoking even a smile from the guest of the evening.

"Will you fellows look over my Cornish sketches," said Graves, suddenly jumping up in desperation. "I think there are some you have not seen"—and he began to rummage about among a pile of old canvases.

Quiller resumed his seat, and sat, half absently, half contemptuously, watching us as we turned over the paintings—possibly he was amused by our jargon of "tone" and "quality," and the rest. At length I picked up from the heap a painting that caught my eye, and propped it on the easel near the lamp. It was quite unlike Graves' usual work, and I stood looking at it for a moment, not quite knowing why I did so. It was the head of a young woman, pale and slightly worn. She was leaning a little forward, looking out of the picture, her mouth parted by a slight, tremulous smile, and in her eyes a look that was a strange mingling of emotions, as if a new hope and happiness had come into a life of sorrow—a look half wistful, half exultant. I turned to speak to Graves and saw that Quiller had got up, and was standing gazing at the picture with a look of fascination or of fear. Here at last was something that interested him.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, abruptly.

"What do you think of it?" said Graves, slowly.

"It's a good head," said Teddy O'Brien.

"It's a wonderful model," said I.

"A face to haunt one," said Quiller, in a tone quite unlike his ordinary cynical one.

"Ah, that's it," said Graves. It's more than human."

"Who is it?" said Quiller, in his abrupt way, again.

"Pon my soul I can't tell you, for I don't know. It's a queer story, and one I'm almost ashamed to ask you to believe. I shan't blame you if you think I'm humbugging."

We settled ourselves by the fire with our pipes, and Dick began his story in a manner, for him, so unusually grave and impressive that it seemed to leave no room for doubt as to his perfect good faith in the matter.

"I went into Cornwall, as you know, at the end of the summer, and after loafing round Newlyn for a while I went to the south coast to try and find some place that had been less painted. I stayed a few days at Polperro, but it was all so much like the smaller exhibitions in town that I could not stand it, and I finally landed at——," —naming a small seaport town—"where there were no painters and not many visitors. I stayed at the 'Ship Inn,' and looked around for some place to hang up my palette.

"After some inquiries I found a small cottage which had been empty for some time, but which had evidently been used as a studio, for there was a wall knocked out at one side and a good sized room added, with a high north light. On the south, the kitchen and 'parlor,' which opened one into the other, had a view of the loveliest little harbor in the world. The place was just what I wanted, and the rent was absurd—only £10 a year; so I took it for six months on the understanding I was to keep it on if I chose. I bought a few things to make the place comfortable, and got an old woman to look after it for me; but I lived most of the time at the 'Ship inn,' and just at first I spent very little time at the studio, only taking in my canvases at night. When October set in, cold and wet, I had to do some work indoors, and then it was I began to think there was something queer about the place. One day I had been painting a young girl from the village, the granddaughter of my ancient dame, and I was putting a few touches to the background, when I heard a sound close behind me like a very gentle sigh. I looked around quickly, but there was no one in sight—no one in the room, in fact. I went on painting with an uncomfortable feeling of something uncanny, and in a few minutes the sound was repeated actually at my ear. I dropped my brush with the start I made, and then I went all through the house to see if any one was in it. I knew that Annie and her grandmother had gone home, and I thought—I hoped—that some poor soul had crept in to shelter from the rain by the kitchen fire. Well, there was not a soul near the place. I locked up carefully that night when I went back to the inn, and in the solace of a glass of grog and a pipe before I went to bed I almost persuaded myself there was nothing in it.

"In the morning I had really forgotten it, I fancy; but when I got back to the studio a curious thing had happened. Right across the face in my picture was a couple of brush marks, such as you might make if you were trying the tooth of a canvas, completely spoiling my work of the day before. I called up Annie and her grandmother, and accused them of playing tricks. They were indignant at the idea, and I finally had to apologize for my suspicions. We searched the house together, but could find no means by which any one could have entered, and at last I was obliged to conclude that I must have done the damage myself when I let my brushes fall. In a few days, however, it became impossible to explain the thing by this or any other natural means; constantly my canvases were tampered with, and I grew to have the feeling that after twilight I was never alone in the room; that faint sigh which had so startled me at first I came to listen for and expect, and I began at last to clothe it with a personality, and to wish I had some means of comforting the poor soul who had no other language to express her despair. I did not think it was she who had defaced my canvases, however, and I took to carrying my work back with me at night to the inn, where the canvases were secure from interference.

"I suppose the thing would have ended there but for an accident. There was a race meeting in the town, and the 'ship was invaded by a low set of fellows, who got drunk and made beasts of themselves generally. The place became unbearable, and I determined to camp in the studio until they cleared out. I made up a big fire, got my old woman to leave me some hot water in the kettle, and with the help of a rug and a pillow stuffed into the back of my chair I made myself tolerably comfortable for the night. How long I slept I don't know. I awoke suddenly, not as one does in bed, with a drowsy feeling of relief that it is too early to get up, but with every sense on the alert, and a curious impression that something unusual was happening. The fire was still bright, and made a glow on the opposite wall; but what made the room so light was the moon shining in through the square window in the roof. I could see everything in the room quite plainly, but I seemed oppressed by some weight that made me powerless to move. I sat there staring at what happened as helpless as if I had been bound. My painting things were just as I had left them; my canvas, on which I had sketched in a head, on the easel, and close by, on a stool, paints, brushes and palette. They had been there, that is to say, for now there stood in front of the easel, with his back to me, a tall man, with a stoop in his shoulders and dark gray hair; he had my palette in his hand, and he was painting with a sort of nervous intensity that it thrilled me to see. I looked to see what he was painting, for he kept glancing over toward the patch in the moonlight; but at first I could see nothing.

"Then I heard that little, gentle sigh, but not, it seemed to me, so utterly weary and heartbroken as formerly; it was a sigh almost of content. And as I pondered on this my eyes seemed to become more accustomed to the light, and there in the moonlight, on the very chair on which Annie had sat, was a woman, leaning slightly forward—young, beautiful and very pale. But you have seen the picture. I looked at her now more than at him, only glancing now and then to see how the work went on. As I watched her the face changed, and the sorrowful, worn look gave place to a kind of wondering happiness—he has not quite got it in the picture; it was as if the feeling were so intense it made a kind of radiance round her. I don't know how long I watched. At last a sound made me turn and look at the painter. He had thrown down the palette and brushes and was standing looking at his work. Then he turned slowly, and held out his hand with a supplicating gesture. She had risen, too, and come a step forward, with a wonderful light in her eyes, and just as she put her hands in his a cloud crossed over the moon and blotted out the figures from my sight. When it passed the patch of moonlight was empty, and there was only the painted head and the palette lying on the floor to convince me I had been dreaming. After that I must have fallen asleep, for it was broad daylight when I next remember anything, and I heard the welcome and familiar sound of my old woman preparing my breakfast. The smell of frying pilchards was refreshingly mundane, and I got up stiff and sore from my uneasy couch, prepared to find that my phantoms of the night before had been nothing but a dream. No; there was the picture, just as you see it, and on the floor were the palette and brushes. I picked them up and looked anxiously at them. If you'll believe me I could never make up my mind to clean the paint off that palette, and it hangs there just as that fellow left it."

We sat silent some minutes when Graves had done. I confess the story impressed me a good deal, and glancing up I could see that Quiller was strangely moved.

"And did you never have any explanation of the t'ing?" said I at last.

"No," said Graves. "I never had any explanation, and I don't suppose I ever shall."

Quiller had risen, and stood near the fire.

"I think I can give it," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

Graves stared at him; no one spoke, and he went on, as it unwillingly.

"That must have been Drake's cottage you had; he was before your time—I dare say you never heard of him. He lived there with his wife—and that's her portrait."

Graves' stare of surprise became more profound, and Teddy and I looked on in silent wonder. Quiller went on, speaking like a man that has been carried quite out of himself.

"There was a tragic story told about Drake and his wife. He was a good deal older than she, and changeable and moody in his ways; and she, poor child, was ambitious to help him to be great. At first he was tender and thoughtful toward her, and then he seemed to forget how fragile and sensitive she was—he neglected her, and grew more and more morose and moody. He used to get very savage about his models, and complain that it was impossible to get any one with intelligence enough to sit decently.

"Once his wife asked him whether she could not sometimes help him by sitting, and he only laughed at her, I remember, "You—you!" he said—that was all. Then the poor child had an illness, which, if she had been happier, might have ended differently, and been a new happiness to both of them; but she was too worn out with sorrow and disappointment, and in the end she died. In her delirium she was always calling to her husband, "Let me help you, let me be of some use; only once, dear—paint me only once;" and poor Drake, who woke up to a sense of his loss, was heart broken at his inability to satisfy her. The tenderest and most passionate tones of his voice never reached her, and she died without ever knowing him again. After that Drake was a changed man; he seemed to have only one idea—to paint the portrait of his wife. Canvas after canvas he spoiled, and when I went to see him he would say, "She cannot rest until I have done it. I must succeed; sooner or later I must satisfy her." At length he became so unmanageable, eating nothing, and spending long, sleepless nights walking about the country, that his friends came and took him away. He died some months after in an asylum."

"By Jove!" said Teddy O'Brien when Quiller had finished, and then relapsed into silence.

I looked at Graves, but he was lost in a wonderment too deep for words.

"The portrait's very like her," said Quiller, with a strange awe in his tone. "I'm glad poor Drake succeeded at last."

"You think"— said I, and broke off.

Quiller was putting on his coat. He answered my unfinished question with a solemnity for which I was not prepared.

"For twenty-two years those two poor ghosts have been waiting their opportunity. Let us be thankful that in the end they found it."

He seemed to forget to take leave of us in any way, and went without another word. As the door closed each of us drew a deep breath of relief. Dick raised his head with an air of stupefaction.

"That's a rum story," said Teddy O'Brien: "why did you never tell it before?"

"The rummiest thing about it is the sequel," said I. "Dick, old man, is your part true?"

"I don't know," said Dick: "I begin to think it must be."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien, "did you make it up?"

"Every word of it—on the spur of the moment."

"Did you know it?"

"Not a word. Quiller seemed struck by that picture, and it was the only sign of human interest he had shown, so I thought I'd humor him. I didn't mean a ghost story when I began, but it somehow developed into that. I would have given a good deal to take a rise out of him, but I never hoped for anything so complete as this."

"It was a curious coincidence that you should have taken Drake's cottage," said O'Brien.

"Yes," said Dick dryly; "but the most curious part of it all is that the cottage was made up too."

"Great Scotland Yard!" said Teddy O'Brien again.

"And who painted the head?"

"I painted it myself," said Dick, "and I begin to think it must be a deuced good picture."—Cornhill Magazine.

Showers of Blood.

Showers of blood from the sky are very rare in this day and age of the world, a fact which makes their comparatively common occurrence in the olden times only that much more extraordinary and unaccountable. In the "Annals of Remarkable Happenings in Rome" mention is made of fourteen different showers of blood and other substances mixed between the years 319 A. D. and 1170. Besides these there were two "showers of much intensity, of which the liquid resembled pure blood and was not intermixed with other matter as heretofore reported." In 1222 we find record of a shower of blood and dust over the larger part of Italy. In 1226 snow fell in Syria, "which presently turned into large pools of gore."

A monk who wrote in 1251 tells of a three days' shower of blood all over southern Europe. In the same year a loaf freshly taken from the oven "did bleed like a new wound" when sliced at the table. In 1348 the great chasms made by the earthquake at Villach, Austria, "sent forth blood and a great pestilence followed." Burgundy had a bloody shower in 1361, and Dedfordshire, England, witnessed the same phenomenon in 1450. In 1686 hailstones fell in Wurtemburg which contained hollow cavities filled with blood. The last bloody shower on record occurred in Siam in 1802.—St. Louis Republic.

Society's Share.

Visitor—Do you devote much space in your paper to society intelligence?

Editor—No; society doesn't have more than about a stickful of intelligence at best.—West Shore.

AMONG MOONSHINERS.

A TRAVELER IN THE CUMBERLAND RANGE HAS TO PROVE UP.

A Philosophical Colored Boy—Halted by a Mountaineer—The Process of "Proving Up"—Grim Possibilities of Being Shot Before Identification.

As I was to take a short cut over a spur of the Cumberland mountains in northern Tennessee I hired a colored boy about 15 years of age to go a part of the distance with me. He had a solemn, serious look, and I soon discovered that he was a philosopher. I had been told that there were moonshiners in the Cumberlands, and that the chances were I would be stopped and sharply investigated. When ready to part from the youth, I asked:

"Do you think I'll meet any moonshiners?"

"Dat depends, sah."

"On what?"

"On whedder somebody hidin' behind de bresh or rocks doan' pop you ober befo' you kin meet. If he'un's gun hangs fiah yo'un will probably meet."

It was a hot day in July, but I asked him if he thought the weather would hold, and he looked at the sky and replied:

"Doan' want to say, sah. If you should hold, you'n wouldn't give me no credit; and if it should snow, you'n would cuss me all day. Good day, sah. Keep to the right arter you cross de branch. If dat doan' bring you out, den cum back an' keep to de left."

I had gone about a mile when the trail branched, and after debating the case I took the right hand again and went forward, with the comfortable feeling that I had half of a big state at my personal disposal to get lost in.

IN A STRANGE PLACE.

The path suddenly ended, and about that time a mountaineer stepped from a thicket on my left and confronted me, and inquired:

"Whar' from, stranger?"

I told him.

"What you'n doin' hyar?"

"Traveling."

"Look hyar!" he said, as he came nearer. "You's kin either prove up or ye can't."

"That's so."

"You's either all right or you's cum fussin'."

"Well?"

"Kin ye prove up?"

"I'll try."

"Then walk along."

He walked beside me, or behind me, through thickets and over rough ground to a shanty just at the mouth of a ravine. There was a man, a woman and a boy of 12 there, and my nose detected the odor of a still. The three people mentioned stood at the door as we came up, and the man queried of my conductor:

"Who's he'un?"

"Gwine ter prove up."

I sat down on a rock, and, leaving the boy to watch me, the other three withdrew a few yards and held a consultation. This lasted about five minutes, and when they returned the man who had captured me said:

"We 'uns is agreed on it. You's either revenue or not. You's kin prove up or ye can't."

"Can any of you read?" I asked.

"We kin or we can't," replied the woman, who was smoking plug tobacco in a clay pipe.

"Well, perhaps you've heard of —— at Monroe?"

"We mought or we moughtn't," replied the husband of the woman.

PROVING UP.

"Well, here's a line from him. If you are moonshiners you have sold him whisky, and know him to be all right. Here's my card, here are letters addressed to me at Monroe, and you can overhaul my knapsack."

They couldn't read a line of writing, and put up a job to catch me. After consulting together a bit the woman said:

"What did you say he'uns first name was—George or William?"

"Neither one; it's Henry."

"And does he'un live in a single or double log house?"

"In a frame house."

"Which eye is he'un blind in?"

"Neither one. Come, now, he's a big, fleshy man, wears long whiskers, is bald on top of the head, and has a front tooth out. His wife is a little cross eyed woman and has two children."

That settled it, and I was at once given a bite to eat and told to make myself at home. I had some tobacco for the man and pins and needles for the woman, and the present of a harmonican set the boy wild with delight.

"'Sposin' you'n had shot he'un down thar!" suggested the woman to my captor.

"Then he'un would hev bin dead, of co'se," he calmly replied.

By and by the men went up to attend the still, and the woman unrolled the paper of pins to the last row, opened the paper of needles, and, placing the two spools of thread beside them, she called to the boy:

"Danny, cum hy'ar."

"Yaas."

"Look in my eyes."

"Yaas."

"Is I flighty?"

"Skeercely, ma'am."

"Well, I'ze either flighty or the richest woman on these yere mountain, an' I wish pop would hurry back an' tell me which!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Other Thing.

An Iowa justice of the peace didn't actually fine a man $11 for declaring that the world was flat, but because he knocked the postmaster down for insisting that it was round. It was a narrow escape, though, and the defendant was cautioned to look out next time.—Detroit Free Press.

The Same Thing.

"That let's me out," exclaimed Miss Bleecker.

"Yes," assented Miss Beacon Street, of Boston, "that permits your exit."—Judge.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay:
And Johnny is screaming
As loud as he's able,
For nothing goes right when mamma's away.

What a scene of discomfort and confusion home would be if mamma did not return. If your wife is slowly breaking down, from a combination of domestic cares and female disorders, make it your first *business* to restore her health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is without a peer as a remedy for feeble and debilitated women, and is the only medicine for the class of maladies known as female diseases which is sold under a *positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction, in every case, or the money will be refunded. It is a positive cure for the most complicated cases. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, and a soothing and strengthening nervine, imparting tone and vigor to the whole system. It's a legitimate medicine, too—carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. For all the chronic weaknesses, functional derangements, and painful disorders peculiar to the sex, it is an unfailing remedy. It's because it *is* unfailing that it can be sold under a *positive guarantee.*

If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case for which it's recommended, the money paid for it will be promptly returned.

It is a legitimate *medicine*—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As *peculiar* in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

REVENGE AND SUICIDE OF A RAT.

The Rodent Punishes a Physician for Experimenting on Its Body.

Dr. T. J. Richie, a physician of Beaver Falls, Pa., has had an experience with a rat which he will not forget. He has been experimenting on rats, dogs and cats and other small animals for the purpose of studying the process of digestion. He would place the animal under the influence of chloroform, and then after cutting them open and noting the working of the digestive organs would sew up the wound, anoint it with a healing salve and then let the animal go.

Saturday he captured a large rat and placed it under the influence of the drug, when, to his surprise, he discovered that the animal was one that he had previously operated upon.

He examined it for a second, and then, just as he turned to his case to get the necessary instruments to make further investigations, the rat revived, jumped from the table, sprang into the open fireplace and escaped up the chimney. The doctor, thinking the rat would pop out of the top of the chimney, ran out on the street to see it, but no rat appeared.

That night as he was asleep he was awakened by a sharp pain in his finger, and opening his eyes he saw a rat, which proved to be the one which had escaped from him the previous evening, scamper off the bed and up the chimney again. He examined his finger and found it badly bitten.

He washed and bound up the wound and went to sleep, only to be again awakened by the same rat biting his nose. He chased it away, but he got little sleep that night, for the rat kept returning, and when he attempted to kill it the wily little creature always successfully took refuge in the chimney.

The next night, and for several nights afterward, the rat disturbed his rest by its persistent and bloodthirsty attacks. Dr. Richie couldn't help but be curiously interested in the little fellow's welfare, even though his experience was rather unpleasant.

Finally he stopped up the chimney, but the rat managed to get out. He then left the door of his room open, thinking the rat would seize the chance to leave the premises. He also set a trap for it, but he didn't catch it until Monday evening.

When the rat saw the doctor it showed every sign of terror, and when he put the tramp on the table and brought out his bottle of chloroform and sponge, it gave a despairing squeak, tore savagely at his abdomen with its sharp teeth until the wound, only imperfectly healed from the previous operation, burst open, its bowels pushed out, and the poor little animal rolled over, kicked convulsively and died. It had committed suicide rather than submit to another operation.—Butler (Pa.) Citizen.

Seed Wheat Four Thousand Years Old.

Has the wheat found in the catacombs of Egypt ever been known to germinate?

A great many cases are known in which the catacombs or "mummy wheat" has sprouted and produced its kind. The first experiment was made by the famous Wilkinson about 1840, who planted a number of grains taken from a tomb believed to be nearly 4,000 years old. The grains germinated, the stools producing from fifteen to twenty stalks. The ears were of remarkable size, some of them exceeding six inches in length.

The quality of the wheat produced was about equal to that known at present as Egyptian. The extreme dryness of the Egyptian climate no doubt contributed to the preservation of vitality in the grains, but even with this favoring circumstance the immense length of time during which the grains retained their germinating power renders the circumstance very remarkable.—St. Louis Globe-Demecrat.

A Strange Custom.

According to a Yorkshire (England) notion, a new born infant should always be placed in the arms of a maiden before it is touched by anyone else; and in some instances its right hand is bound in a cloth during the first day of its existence in order that it may gather riches when grown to manhood or womanhood estate. In many parts of the United States, Germany, France and Holland, as well as throughout the British Isles, it is considered very important that an infant should "go up" before it goes down in the world. Thus, if a child is born in the lower story of a house, it is instantly bundled up by one of the old women and carried upstairs; if the event occurs in the upper story the same old woman is expected to take the child in her arms and clamber upon the top of a table, bureau, or even a chair—anything to get the little one up in the world.—St. Louis Republic.

Nature's Nervine.

Dandelion is the coming nervine for women. More than one experienced physician tells of its use in cases of nervous depression and melancholy almost suicidal. Hysteria with indigestion is most successfully treated by dandelion alone, using a strong decoction of the roots. For school girls growing green and black with overstudy or bad circulation from any cause, for excitable women and those hysteric subjects who make their friends' lives a burden if not their own, the simplest remedy is a cup of strong dandelion coffee three times a day. But it must be strong and from the roots, fresh as possible, not the dried stuff sold as dandelion, which is half bread crumbs, and the other half any age with the life roasted out. No official preparation compares with the decoction of herbs and roots fresh from the garden or well kept at first hand.—Shirley Dare's Letter.

Practical Young Philanthropists.

Three little Sunday school boys in Fort Fairfield noticed that one of their classmates was poor and ragged. They were the right kind of boys, so they didn't make fun of him, but called a council to consider what steps could be taken to better his condition; and, acting upon their decision, they started out soliciting funds and obtained enough to buy an entire suit. That school evidently teaches practical C' ristianity.—Bangor Maine.

The Duke of Bedford prided himself on opposing all local improvements in London. He was a bitter foe of that progress which the metropolis now considers necessary to her salvation, and he fought every attempt to open new streets through his property.

LIFE IN A BIG DESERT.

CREATURES THAT INTEREST THE LONELY TRAVELER.

Insects, Birds and Reptiles Found in the Sand—Funny Freaks of the Tarantula Hawk and the Road Runner—How the Latter Worry the Snakes.

There's plenty of life on the desert—not crowds of human insects, rushing and tearing about like crazy ants, and keeping up a din day and night that is enough to drive the whole world mad—but interesting, sensible, natural life, full of comedy, tragedy and even humor. If you feel lonesome you can find company anywhere by turning up a rock or looking under the sagebrush. There's no lack of ingenious, curious little creatures whose ways are worth studying.

Take the tarantula hawk, for example. That's an insect built something like a wasp, or perhaps more like a "devil's darning needle," and it flies about looking for tarantulas just as the hawk soars about keeping his eye peeled for gophers and such provender. When the hawk sees a tarantula he goes for the big spider, swoops down upon him, stings him and gets away like a flash. The tarantula knows that his only show is to get under cover, and he legs it home in frantic haste. It's fun to see the big, hairy legged bully duck his head and paddle off through the sand as if the devil were after him—and the devil is after him, sure enough.

If the tarantula is near his house he may escape by getting to it, tumbling in head first and shutting the door tight, but he's got to hustle for it, because little Jack the Giant Killer is a hustler himself, and keeps jabbing away at every jump. If the hairy ogre gets caught out a great way from his castle his name is Dennis, and he knows it. He flops over upon his back to make a fight, and if he could get hold of the hawk in that position he would make short work of the little chap, but the hawk sees the trick, and just keeps sailing around and watching for an opening, and when he catches the spider off guard he darts in, hits him a lick and gets away like a flash.

QUEER BIRDS.

Sometimes the hawk will pretend to quit and fly away, but the instant the tarantula is on his feet and scooting for shelter, whizz! comes the hawk like a bullet and socks it to him in the back of the head. A few stings like that do up the tarantula. He seems to become dizzy from the poison, staggers a few steps and collapses in a hairy heap. His legs twitch a few times, and that is the end of his marvelous career.

I've been calling the hawk "he" all along, but it isn't that kind of a bird. The tarantula Nemesis is the female hawk, so far as I can judge, because after the spider is knocked out the hawk proceeds to deposit eggs in the remains, and I suppose the eggs are hatched by the heat of decomposition. Possibly the purpose of laying eggs in a defunct tarantula is to provide the young hawks with grub at the threshold of life, so to speak. Whatever the scheme may be, it is death to tarantula, and for that reason nobody ever harms a tarantula hawk. The insect's sting is said to be poisonous to men, but I never knew one to sting a man.

Then there is the road runner—a joyous, sociable little fellow, whose business in life is worrying rattlesnakes to death. The road runner is a bird somewhat larger than a bluejay, with a saucy topknot and a still saucier tail about a foot in length. He runs as fast as a horse ordinarily travels, and if he once gets into the road ahead of a horseman he will race along for hours and can't be driven out of the road. He could skip aside and get out of the way if he wanted to, but he seems to think that it is his mission in life to keep just ahead of that horse, and nothing can divert him from that occupation.

He is not in the least alarmed, and when he gains too much of a lead he will stop and seesaw with his tail and chirrup merrily until the horse nearly catches up with him. Then away he goes again, as if his life depended upon winning the race. When he wearies of the sport he disappears in the brush.

TANTALIZING A SNAKE.

I was riding across a cactus desert once when a pair of road runners that had been racing with me turned out of the trail and became suddenly very much excited about something. They paid no more attention to me, and I rode up near enough to see what was going on. They had run across a big diamond back rattler and were preparing to have fun with him. One of them had struck the snake with his sharp bill and the diamond back had promptly coiled himself in a defensive attitude and was springing his rattle wickedly. One of the birds remained near the snake, jumping about and making a great show of hostility, but keeping beyond reach all the time, while the other gathered little bunches of dry cactus, with spines as sharp as needles and almost as hard, which he dropped close to the reptile.

The road runner was as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, and in a few minutes he had piled a regular little corral of cactus spines all around the rattlesnake. Then the pair of them began to tantalize the snake, and flying at him they provoked him into striking at them, with results disastrous to himself, for every time he launched out he hit into the cactus and got stuck full of the spines.

When the rattlesnake had just about got crazy and was reckless of his guard the road runners flew up, hovered over him and darted down at him whenever they saw a good chance to hit him. Their sharp bills did great execution, and it wasn't long before they had the rattlesnake laid out as cold as a wedge. They are great generals, these road runners, and they always get away with the rattlesnake. That's why nobody ever shoots a road runner in California.—Interview in San Francisco Examiner.

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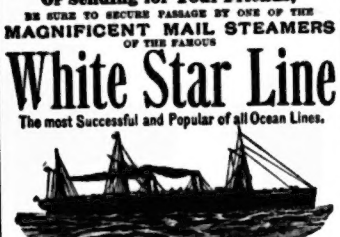

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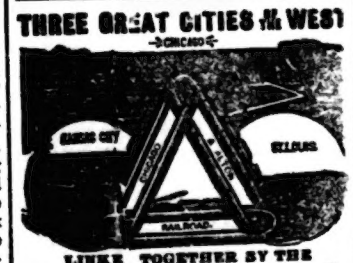

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All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

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Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 352 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Deutlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuser, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 506 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

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St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E E Aahenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagrania's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 561 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 69 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 540 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Syson, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 556 E Boyne st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 283 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 156 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph F Sloiden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F E Cronin, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Huth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 261 Webster av; Jas F Lunh, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanaah, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Fitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 235 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av. Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres. 1723 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 218 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 358 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Fiereman's Hall South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P. P. J. Kane, Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch; Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 2 p m, in Ranner's hall. Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast. Asst. Rec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2236 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hendy; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., St. Lefrus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts., V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 1 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1209 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P. M. J. Sullivan; Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 387 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill

Div. 31—Pres., John Dowling, 255 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Feaney; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James O. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3320 Lowe av; V.-P. J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st; Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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STARVATION AND COLD.

A Terrible Picture of the Privations of Fremont's Fourth Expedition.

In The Century is printed a posthumous account by a survivor of the fourth expedition of Gen. Fremont. The scene is in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande del Norte. The writer, Micajah McGehee, of Mississippi, thus described the effect of the cold upon the animals:

The farther we went the more obstacles we had to encounter; difficulties beset us so thickly on every hand as we advanced that they threatened to thwart our expedition. The snow became deeper daily, and to advance was but adding dangers to difficulties. About one-third of the men were already more or less frost bitten; every night some of the mules would freeze to death, and every day as many more would give out from exhaustion and be left on the trail. It seemed like fighting fate to attempt to proceed, but we were bent on our course, and continued to advance.

At one time men were sent ahead to report the prospect, and returned stating that grass appeared in the distance before them; they supposed that the snow was abating, but on coming up what they saw proved to be the tops of bushes six feet high projecting above the snow; nor did anything appear upon which the animals could subsist. The corn we had packed along for them was already consumed. Sometimes we would attempt to move on, and the severity of the weather would force us back into camp. In one of these attempts, before we could beat our way half a mile against the tempest, our guide, Old Bill Williams, was nearly frozen; he dropped down upon his mule in a stupor and was nearly senseless when we got into camp.

A number of the men came in with their noses, ears, faces, fingers and feet partly frozen, and one or two of the mules dropped down and froze to death under their packs. Poor mules! It was pitiable to see them. They would roam about all night, generally, on account of their extreme weakness, following back the path of the previous day, pawing in the snow three or four feet deep for some sign of vegetation to keep them alive. They would fall down every fifty yards under their packs, and we would have to unpack them and lift them up, and that with fingers frozen and lacerated by the cold.

Finally they began eating the ropes and rawhide lariats with which they were tied until there were no more left in camp to tie them with; then they ate the blankets which we tied over them at night; then they came into camp and ate the pads and rigging off the pack saddles and ate one another's manes and tails entirely bare, even into the flesh, and would come to us while sleeping and begin to eat the blankets off us; they would even tumble into our fires, over the cooking utensils. But, poor things, little relief could we afford them, for, although they suffered much, we were in no better condition.

From Ruff to Necktie.

The necktie, now become a purely ornamental detail of dress, was originally useful. It was intended to protect the throat. Its history may be traced from the time of the Stuarts in England, when immense ruffs, which served as neckcloths and collars, were worn.

Later neckcloths or cravats were adopted, and no doubt were a welcome change from the stiff, uncomfortable ruff. They were of Brussels or Flanders lace, tied in a knot under the chin, the ends being allowed to hang square.

Still later they were worn much longer, the ends being passed through the button holes of the waistcoat.

The lace neckcloth was succeeded by small cambric bands, but was reintroduced in Queen Anne's reign, and did not go out of use entirely until about 1735. Then a broad silk ribbon, tied in a large bow in front, was worn, and this in turn was followed by white cambric stocks buckled in the back, and by muslin cravats, which were tied in front in an immense bow.

In the early part of this century the stiff linen collar had begun to be worn, and the cravat was passed twice around the collar and tied in a fanciful bow in front.

About 1820 cravats were made very wide in the center and tapered off toward the ends. Thirty years ago stocks and cravats began to disappear, and scarfs began to take their place. From these scarfs, gradually growing smaller, was developed the modern neat necktie. —Youth's Companion.

Superstitions About Eggs.

In olden times, in the French rural districts, the parish priest would, very early on the Easter morning, visit from house to house, and bless each in turn. In payment for his visit and blessing he always received eggs, and sometimes it was a serious question how to dispose of so large a number. Among the French royalty, in a similar period, baskets trimmed with green leaves and filled with golden eggs, after the celebration of high mass on Easter morning, were brought into the king's cabinet and distributed to the court by the chaplain. Indeed it was an article of faith in Normandy that when the church bells ushered in the Easter morn, angels descended to the homes where little children dwelt, and left eggs as an assurance of their visit.—Emma J. Gray in Good Housekeeping.

A Pretty Table Scarf.

A very pretty scarf for table or dresser came to my notice lately. Linen of rather fine quality was hemstitched on ends and sides, and grouped in twos and threes with some single flowers were dogwood blossoms without foliage. The edge of each petal was outlined in white silk and then closely darned across the same silk, a single thread of filofloss being used for the darning and two for the outline. The lines of darning were as close together as could be made and the stitch was taken as short as possible on the wrong side and quite long on the right, so an almost solid silk flower in appearance was the result when finished, which was extremely pretty.—Washington Star.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

OVER-WORK.

Office of the High Court of Illinois Catholic Order Foresters, 126 and 128 Washington Street.
CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1887.

REV. E. KOENIG: *Dear Sir:*—I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove a great blessin to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,
JNO. F. SCANLAN,
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Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Feb. 26, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$6,676,548.57
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.		11 291.25
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, par value		50 000 00
Other bonds, par value		87,000.00
Due from other National banks	$1,252,937.02	
Due from State banks and bankers	439,243 96	
Exchanges for clearing house	466 839 74	
Bills of other banks	38,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	2 091.94	
Specie	1,302 100 00	
Legal-tender notes	325 000 00	
U.S. certificates of deposit for legal tenders	680 000 00	
		4,506,212.65
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Due from U.S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund		11 000.00
Total		$11,344,302.48

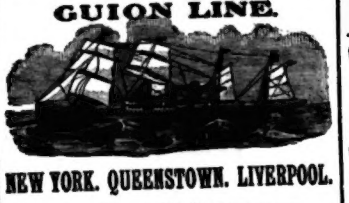
LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1,000.000.00
Surplus fund		800.000.00
Undivided profits		124.149.64
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		45.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$5,567,831.33	
Demand certificates of deposit	560,572 14	
Certified checks	132,422 96	
Cashier's checks outstanding	223 323.95	
	$6,484,150.40	
Due to other National banks	1,081 838.50	
Due to State banks and bankers	909,118.94	
	$2 890,957.44	
		9,375,107 84
Total		$11,344,302.48

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.—I, Geo. Schneider, President of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. GEO. SCHNEIDER, President.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of March, 1891. ARNOLD BEAP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: William H. Bradley, S. E. Cobb, Frederick Mahla, William R. Page, Walter L. Peck, Charles R. Corwith, E. E. Jenkins, George E. Adams, William A. Hammond, Albert A. Munger, George Schneider, Directors.

GUION LINE.



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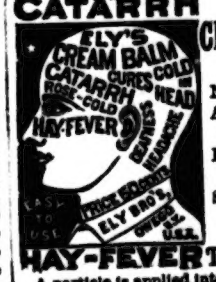

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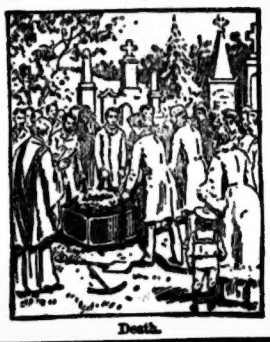
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Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died;
Land where our Mothers cried,
Over the wash-tub tied
Let freedom ring.
My native country thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy tucks and frills
But oh: what laundry bills;
My soul with horror thrills;
When I think of thee.
Let music swell the breeze,
And blow through all the trees
Hail SANTA CLAUS:
Let tired mortals wake
And gladly try a cake,
Let all for cleanness sake,
Join the applause.

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